

BINGANG

March '75



34TH
CROSBY



BING-GANG
PRESENTED BY
THE CLUB CROSBY

Vol. XXVII, No. 1

March, 1975

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Membership Dues: \$4.00 per year (Payable to Priscilla Koernig)

Deadline for Fall, 1975 journal: August 15, 1975 (submit material to Patricia Sullivan at the above address)

We are affiliated with the Australian Club Crosby and the British Crosby Collector.

Front Cover: Joe Sinnott

The date of your renewal deadline is indicated on your address label. Please submit promptly. An "X" indicates your subscription expired with the last issue and this courtesy copy is the last you will receive.

REPORT FROM DOWN UNDER

By: Shirley Naylor

Received my journal on Jan. 6th. The articles and snaps were wonderful. Sorry that Priscilla was cut out accidentally with Pat and Bing. Reading leisurely through I came to a stop at page 37. I read, then reread, and let out a shriek "Stone the crows and starve the lizards." I've only 3 weeks to get my article to Pat on time. We are in the throes of power cuts so I am "Shirley by lamplight."

Do hope Pat, Priscilla and Graham Reade have a wonderful weekend at Bing's tournament and the weather is good. Only wish I could make it but guess it will never happen.

I received two Christmas cards this year. Both arrived on the same day so one is now on its way to Mary Brown in New Zealand. A lovely picture of the whole family dressed as hobos from their Christmas show. Whilst on the subject of Christmas cards, I was most interested in the back cover of the journal. I have an original sent to me by a member many years ago--Jeanelle James of Tennessee. The year was 1950: Bing is dressed in red, black boots, white mittens, white and red cap...Does anyone know the whereabouts of Jeanelle these days? (Editor's note: Jeanelle is alive and well in Nashville but is no longer a member of Club Crosby)

Was very interested to read Frank Murphy's report. Ken Barnes' letters were most interesting and hope I can be lucky enough to secure copies of the discs as they will be very much wanted.

Missed Ken Gray's Midwest Chapter and hope he makes it for the next issue in March.

When I was on holiday last year I saw a chappie and asked him to fix my radiogram. Well, it took seven months, was finally fixed on 20-10-74, and he tried it out with "Tie A Yellow Ribbon" & was thrilled to hear Bing & very surprised to learn that he was 70 going on 71.

On Elvis Presley's birthday our local radio station played his discs off and on all day so I intend to write and ask them to do the same for Bing, so will let you all know in the next journal.

You will have heard and seen the dreadful holocaust of Darwin on Christmas Eve after Cyclone Tracy razed it to the ground. It is 19 months since I was walking down the main street and wandering through the shops. When it is rebuilt, I will return and see the new city.

I am wondering if anyone noticed the wrong information in the San Francisco magazine's "Road to Hillsborough" interview. Firstly, that it was a year or so after Dixie's death that Bing remarried. Dixie died in November, 1952: Bing remarried October 24, 1957, so that makes it 5 years. Then it was stated that Phillip was just back from Australia after doing night club work. Well, as far as

I know, he only came here once and that was in November, 1965, and he appeared in Sydney at the Chevron Hotel. Gary came in April, 1956 with Louis Armstrong, and I was privileged to see him at the old stadium which has been pulled down.

Until next time, Cheerio.

* * * * *

NEWS FROM THE WEST COAST
THE VICE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By: Priscilla Koernig

After cleaning my house on Saturday, December 14, 1974, I was busy all day, but having fun, baking cookies for the Crosbys for Christmas. I packed them Sunday, so I could take my gift to them on Monday, December 16---the day of the Laguna Honda Show that year.

I was on vacation that day. We left around 11:30 A.M. for San Francisco. Larry Gunn from Menlo Park came with me to see the Crosbys entertain the patients at Laguna Honda Hospital. When we arrived, the Crosbys hadn't gotten there yet, but arrived shortly thereafter.

They sang a few songs from the Christmas Special and the traditional carols and Bing also sang a medley of his hits, including "Pennies from Heaven", "Just One More Chance", "True Love", etc. At the end of the show, the Laguna Honda volunteers gave the Crosby Family a plaque that was to be put on the library wall at the hospital. The plaque was engraved with special thanks to the Crosby Family for entertaining the patients every Christmas.

Harry is getting so good-looking, and so is Nathaniel. I hadn't seen Mary Frances in two years, but she is turning out to be a beautiful young lady.

We saw Bing afterwards and he posed for a picture with us. Larry was thrilled because he was able to tell Bing that he had picked up a rare 78-"Watermelon Weather" with Peggy Lee. And, he talked to Bing for a few minutes.

Bing was on Kathryn's local television show on Christmas morning. He sang "Swinging on a Star" and "White Christmas". I really enjoyed Laguna Honda and Kathryn's Christmas Day Show more than the Christmas Special. The latter had Karen Valentine and Matt Davis on too much.

Graham and Margaret Reade were here in the U.S.A. from January 3rd thru January 29th. They went to Texas first, then flew to San Francisco. I met them at the airport on January 18th. We got them checked into a hotel and then I took them to the top of the Bank of America Building (2nd tallest building in San Francisco) to view the city, then we went to a typical San Francisco Italian Restaurant in North Beach. After that, we went to the Hyatt Regency, a fairly new hotel to show them the beautiful structure of the building. The following day we went to Sausalito, Tiburon, Muir Woods to see redwood trees, to the road above the Golden Gate Bridge to take pictures and then to my home for dinner. Larry and Ann Gunn came over that evening after dinner for a visit.

Graham, Margaret and Nancy Aslanian met me at work Wednesday evening, January 22, 1975. We drove to San Mateo so we could pack the car for our trip to Carmel and the Crosby Pro-Am Golf Tournament. Then we went to dinner and on to the airport to meet Bill Osborn, who was flying in from Seattle, Washington. Pat Sullivan had driven from Chico to Carmel that afternoon and was waiting our arrival at the motel. I will stop here regarding the tournament as Bill is going to write about it this time.

I did go see Peggy Lee at the Fairmont Hotel as the guest of Graham and Margaret. They wanted me to go with them to the dinner show as they wanted to show their appreciation for everything.

I can only quote what Graham said to me in the car after everyone else had been dropped off. This was my sentiments about those four days at the tournament, too. "Priscilla, the last four days were the best ones I have ever spent in my life!"

* * * * *

February 4, 1975

Dear Priscilla,

Thank you so much for the cookies.
They made our Christmas very special.

We hope your holiday was a happy one,
and that '75 will be great.

Sincerely,

Graham + Nancy

Bing at Laguna Honda - Dec. 16, 1974



THE EDITOR'S PAGE - Pat Sullivan

This is the first issue on our new March-September publication schedule. Couldn't have asked for better news to report than Bing's upcoming recording projects, and, for those of us who took part, tournament week and the personal interview with Bing are memories still surrounding us with a special glow.

The theme of this issue is the tournament, and the feature story is the club's historic interview with Bing. A tape of the interview will be made available at cost, on cassette or reel-to-reel, to any interested member. Please contact me at P.O. Box 254, Chico, Calif. 95926. We will not prepare the tapes until all orders are received, so please be patient.

The visit with Bing has been thoroughly covered by Bill Osborn & the transcript of the interview itself, but I can't resist adding a personal note or two of my own. I think I was easily the most pessimistic member of our group regarding our chances, so it was a very joyous surprise when Bing took the interview seriously and treated us so graciously. The two things about Bing that have always struck me the most when seeing him in person were again in evidence. First, his total lack of pretentiousness coupled with an enormous awareness and alertness. While waiting for the recorder to be set up, he chatted about the fog rolling in during the night & how nice it was to see the beautiful weather hold for another day. One of

his fingernails seemed to be bothering him so, still chatting, he fumbled in his pocket, came up with an old toothpick, and proceeded to clean the bothersome nail. His total ease put us at ease. He doesn't miss a thing--the blue eyes dart everywhere--and he fields questions spontaneously with an articulateness that belies his age. Secondly, the voice. It is still the same superb instrument it has always been, not seeming to age at all.

Meeting Graham & Margaret Reade and Bill Osborn was an enjoyable part of the adventure for me. We went to press too soon to get Graham's impressions of Bing but perhaps he can be coaxed into doing that for the next journal.

Since my last report, I have also had the pleasure of meeting Al & Mildred Sutton of Sacramento, and Helen & Marston Tolton of Lakeport. Along with Priscilla, they were guests for an evening at my home where we talked Crosby collecting & viewed some of Priscilla's golf movies of Bing. Priscilla, by the way, has attended the tournament for the past 17 consecutive years!

Al Sutton has submitted a list of songs that include Bing's name in the lyrics. The titles are as follows: My Kid's A Crooner, Santa Claus and Popcorn, She's My Baby, But Definitely!, Crosby, Columbo and Vallee, Bing Crosby Calypso, If I Could Sing Like Bing, Dinah, Mule Train, Humphrey Bogart Rhumba, These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You, Swell People, Jumping at the Record Shop, Gotta Be This or That, When My Ship Comes In. We will print the record numbers & lyrics in the next journal. If you can add to the list, please do so as soon as possible so the list can be a comprehensive one. Al has further suggested a joint taping of the complete collection which we could then make available to all.

Al also has a rather intriguing collection of little known Crosby memorabilia--"Call Me Lucky" game, Crosby puppets, coloring books, etc. This, too, would make an interesting compilation, so please submit your own lists.

I am still soliciting sheet music information. Mark Scrimger has submitted the most extensive list--an incredible collection--and, if any others of you out there are Crosby sheet music buffs, please share your knowledge with us. We would like to treat Bing's sheet music in a special feature soon.

Two new books are worthy of note: BIX: MAN & LEGEND by Richard M. Sudhalter & Philip R. Evans with William Dean-Myatt. Arlington House, New Rochelle, N.Y., 1974. \$12.95. THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT. Big Three Music Corp. \$8.95. The latter includes musical scores & pictures from the film.

Interesting letters from members are a side benefit to being the editor of BINGANG. Two of them--one from Vernon Wesley Taylor on the Crosby Years, and one from new member, Arthur Siegel, outlining his life as a Crosby fan will be reproduced in the next issue. Here are excerpts from a few others recently received:

CLIFFORD CARROLL, S.J., Crosby Library, Gonzaga University

What an issue of the Bingang! It was a real treat all the way through. He was here on campus during his flying visit. Landed about ten in the morning. The events were programmed like a computer. He was back on the plane and had dinner at home the same day. That's being in the Jet set. Best wishes to the Bingangers...

PHIL SMITH, Champaign, Illinois

...In August Dorothy's (editor's note: Mrs. Dorothy Smith) high school class held its class reunion in a small town to the south of us. I prepared a tape of Bing vocals of 1934, took a player and speakers, and treated the group to more than an hour of great Crosby songs. A few of the people commented on the music during the banquet, but I'm afraid the majority didn't even notice it.

In September we gave a program entitled "A half-century with Bing Crosby" to the local Antique Study Group, an organization for which I was once president and Dorothy has held virtually every other office. This group was considerably more appreciative. I had prepared a tape, narrated by Dorothy, of excerpts of 30+ songs from 1930 to 1956. The theme was the remarkable diversity of types of songs that Bing had recorded...

PAUL BASIL, Somerset, Kentucky

...In the June journal I read the Paul Kresh review of the Crosby Biograph set, and contrary to Mr. Kresh's opinion of this LP--"A fascinating entry in the current nostalgia sweepstakes"--the set is anything but that.

1. Poor sound quality.
2. Poor choice of selections--Eight (8) of the cuts are available in other LP's, and all with superior sound quality to the Biograph.

The Pelican set--"Soft Lights and Sweet Music"--Pelican L.P. 104 is far superior quality, especially in the sound engineering. More club attention should be drawn to this re-issue disc...

In searching my mind to sum up why I think B.C. is the greatest of all popular singers (past, present, and future) I can only say that when I listen to him it is like hearing the flow of liquid gold! "Fool Me Some More," "I Surrender Dear," "Lazy Day," "Black Moonlight," ad infinitum--the gold, pure liquid gold flows. Any comments on anything I have written will be most welcome...

* * *

Our classified section has shrunk considerably this issue. Please submit want lists & duplicates so we can revitalize this area of the club's service. The following are member requests for March:

Paul Basil, P.O. Box 256, Somerset, Ky. 42501 - Want List

- 1) "Fast Side of Heaven" - Decca DL-4253
- 2) "Only Forever" - Decca DL-4255

Dave Rapp, 931 Decker Lane, Warminster, Pa. 18974 - Items for Trade

- 1) "50 All Time Hits" - RCA-DKS 002
- 2) "Great Big Band Vocalists" - Columbia CSS 1507
- 3) "Great Old Time Radio Stars" - Columbia CSS 1508
- 4) "Themes like Old Times" - Viva V36018
- 5) "Face to Face" - Decca DXD 166

- 6) "Favorite Songs of Christmas" - Decca DL 34522
 - 7) "An Old Fashioned Christmas" - Longines 7-34865
 - 8) "Christmas, A Gift of Music," Vol. 6 - Zenith - DL 34878
- WARD, Box 298, Staten Island, New York 10314
Tapes! Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo rare radio broadcasts from the 1930's available on cassettes & reel tapes. Extensive lists available on request.

* * *

It is with regret that I must report that HALF the club membership is again in arrears on their dues. That means the club will soon be operating in the red. After spending interminable hours of time preparing this journal, the above situation is, needless to say, frustrating and discouraging for Priscilla and myself.

The entire membership is being mailed this journal regardless of standing. Instead of the usual renewal information on the labels, each issue will contain a small individual statement. If you are in arrears and interested in remaining a member of CLUB CROSBY, please return the statement, with your payment, to Priscilla Koernig, 1423 Oak St., San Mateo, Calif. 94402. If we don't hear from you, we will not bother you with future club publications. If you are on a fixed income or for some other reason find \$4.00 prohibitive, pay what you can. We are not interested in dropping from membership those who want to remain in the club. In the future, please observe the renewal dues on your journal labels. Sending insufficient payment, without explanation, or requesting individual reminders requiring followup letters are added burdens to the immense amount of time & money that Priscilla and I are already devoting to this club. Finally, to those members who are consistently thoughtful about paying on time, our gratitude!

* * *

Christmas Show at Laguna Honda

Bing and His Family Croon in S.F.

Bing Crosby, now 70, entertained some of his oldest fans at his annual Christmas show for the patients at Laguna Honda Hospital yesterday.

In return for the show—and past shows—the hospital's volunteer organization presented the crooner and his family with a plaque that will be placed at the entrance of the Gerald Simon Theatre at the hospital.

The plaque thanks the Crosbys for the "enjoyment

and heart-warming pleasure" they've brought the folks at the hospital. Crosby promised that "to show our appreciation, we'll rehearse all year so we'll be better prepared for next year."

Before the show, Crosby told the audience of 650 that it was getting harder and harder to find time to rehearse as the kids grow older and their interests diversify, but he promised a performance "full of zest" anyway.

Then Crosby, his wife Kathryn, and the three Crosby children, Harry, 16, Mary Frances, 15, and Nathaniel, 13, made good on the promise with several family numbers, some duets, a medley of old Crosby standbys and Christmas carols.

The show also included a dance troupe, a clown, a cable car bell ringer, a dog act, a Dixieland band and Arthur Duncan, a singer and dancer from the Lawrence

Welk show.

Publicist Davey Rosenberg made a brief appearance as Santa Claus.

Crosby, who forgot a couple of lines from some of his older songs, brightened as the Jack Fisher band began the show-closer, "White Christmas."

"I know the words to that one," Crosby said, and so did some members of the audience, who sang along.

FROM THE COLUMNS...

Hollywood Hotline - James Bacon

November 5, 1974 - Nice thing about appearing on Kathryn Crosby's show in San Francisco--she invited me out to the family estate in Hillsborough for Beef Wellington and Dom Perignon, 1964.

"It will be a nice surprise for Bing," she said as he drove out. Turned out that Bing himself is full of surprises, but not really if you know him.

He had left a note that he had taken off for his duck club to shoot something for dinner.

"You know Bing," said Kathryn. "He does what he wants to do. I like it because I do what I like to do."

We had a good group for dinner. Mary Morrow, widow of Bill Morrow, who was Bing's writer for years and years before his death; Brand Cooper, scion of a prominent Southern California family and the widower of actress Claire Dodd; Nathaniel Patrick, almost 13; Harry Lillis Jr., age 16; Maury Foladare, who has been Bing's public relations man for 27 years, and Kathryn.

Mary Frances, 15, and a beauty, had to take off for a ballet class.

Conversation at the dinner table mostly concerned wines, with Harry being most impressive with his knowledge of wines.

Maury said it's a hobby of Bing's son, but it has its drawbacks.

"You take him out to dinner and he orders the wine, usually at around \$50 a bottle, while he drinks Coke."

One night the Crosby family dined at a posh San Francisco restaurant. Harry ordered the wine, explaining to the headwaiter

that Bing wouldn't know the difference and his mother puts ice in champagne.

If Bing is smart, he'll buy a winery for this kid when he reaches 21. Harry plays golf to a seven handicap at 16, so he may wind up buying one himself.

Both Nathaniel and Harry loved the story about the time Bing was in Nashville and he got a wire from Phil Harris asking that Bing go over to nearby Lynchburg and put some flowers on Jack Daniels' grave.

December 24, 1974 - After all my publicity about Bing Crosby's son Harry being such a wine expert, Bing is sending him to Juilliard School of Music in New York next year.

I told Bing he should send the kid to the University of California-Davis, which has the nation's top wine-making school.

But Bing explains: "Harry will be the first Crosby in the clan to go about music in a professional manner.

All my brother Bob and I learned about singing was what we heard on the radio or, as they called it in those days, the crystal set.

I can hardly wait for Harry to graduate so I can find out from him what I've been doing wrong all these years."

Harry is already an accomplished guitarist and singer. Seems to be a trait among famous singers to send their sons to musical college. Frank Sinatra Jr. has a degree in music from the University of Arizona.

Wonder whether Frank found out what he has been doing wrong?

January 14, 1975 - Another season has come and gone and once again Bing Crosby was the No. 1 singing sensation on radio. You heard Bing singing "White Christmas" on every radio station you turned to.

It's the largest selling record of all time and Bing has turned over the royalties to charity. He did the same thing with "Silent Night," also a multi-million seller.

Bing, in case you didn't know, is the most popular singer in Ireland and Finland. Ireland you can figure because Bing is mostly Irish and he has popularized a lot of Irish songs like "Donegal Bay." Finland he can't figure. He's not too popular in Denmark even though he has some Danish blood in him on his father's side.

The Danish government some time ago banned his records and movies because he blasted the Danish fishing industry for the way they were rapidly destroying the Atlantic salmon, one of the great game fish of the world.

January 28, 1975 - ... "You will never believe who walked in on my show this afternoon while I was interviewing Danny Thomas," said Merv (Griffin) He then supplied the answer: "Bing Crosby."

It's seldom, if ever, you hear about Bing being in Las Vegas, let alone doing a surprise walk-on on a TV tape show. He came to town--not to fish on Lake Mead--to rehearse with pianist Paul Smith for some upcoming TV appearances.

Smith is one of the top pianists in the business, but he looks less like a pianist than John Hadl of the Rams. Smith looks like the deputy sheriff in Yazoo City, Miss.

Merv said the whole audience gave Bing a five-minute standing ovation.



Bing Crosby is ready to share the joys of Christmas with members of his family — wife Kathryn plus Harry, Mary Frances and Nathaniel (top, left to right) during "Christmas With the Bing Crosbys," the "Bell System Family Theatre" special to be colorcast on NBC at 8 p.m. Dec. 15.

The Sacramento Bee

Dec. 15,
1974

December 16, 1974 • 40¢

People

weekly

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& BING
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on trial**

**Father Phil
Berrigan's life
with Sister Liz**

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The Crosbys in
their TV special

IT'S BING'S SPECIAL, BUT KATHRYN IS THE CROSBY TO WATCH THESE DAYS



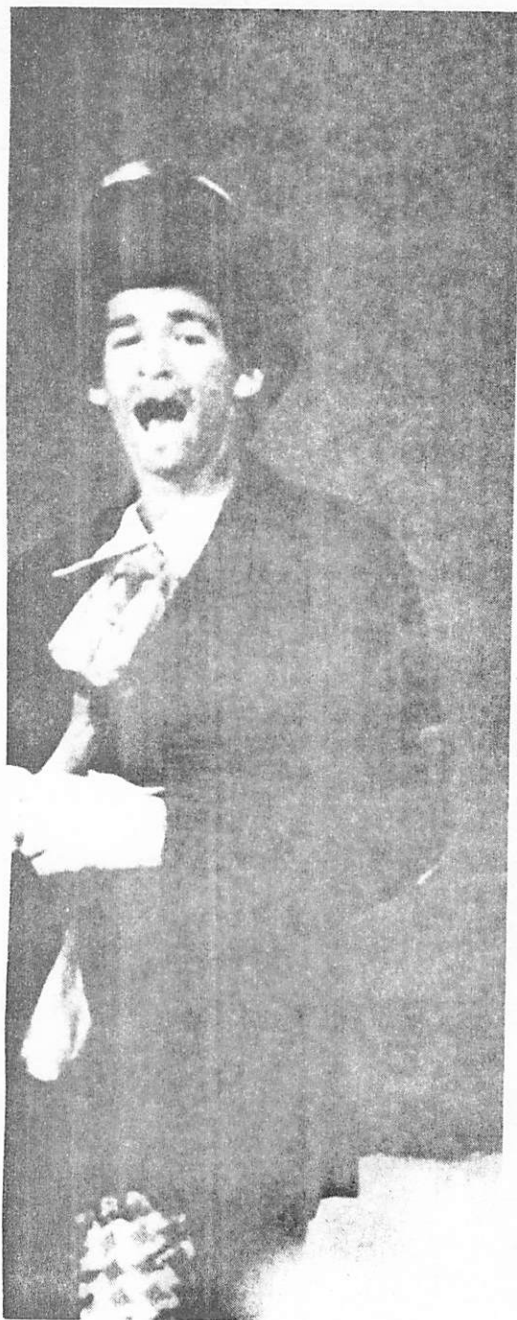
Photographs by Stanley Tretlick

Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of triteness keeps TV's Christmas specials from their appointed rounds of carols. The most established of them all had to overcome 100° temperatures at its L.A. taping last month, along with the other traditional indignities. The star was swaddled in a scratchy Santa suit. The cue cards were flipped through the lyrics of *White Christmas*, which, in this case, was es-

pecially ridiculous (except perhaps to the idiot-card union)—this was the ancient, annual Bing Crosby family special. Counting radio, it has spanned 38 seasons and two Crosby families (not to mention helping Bing's rendition of *White Christmas* become probably the biggest-selling single—over 30 million—in the history of records).

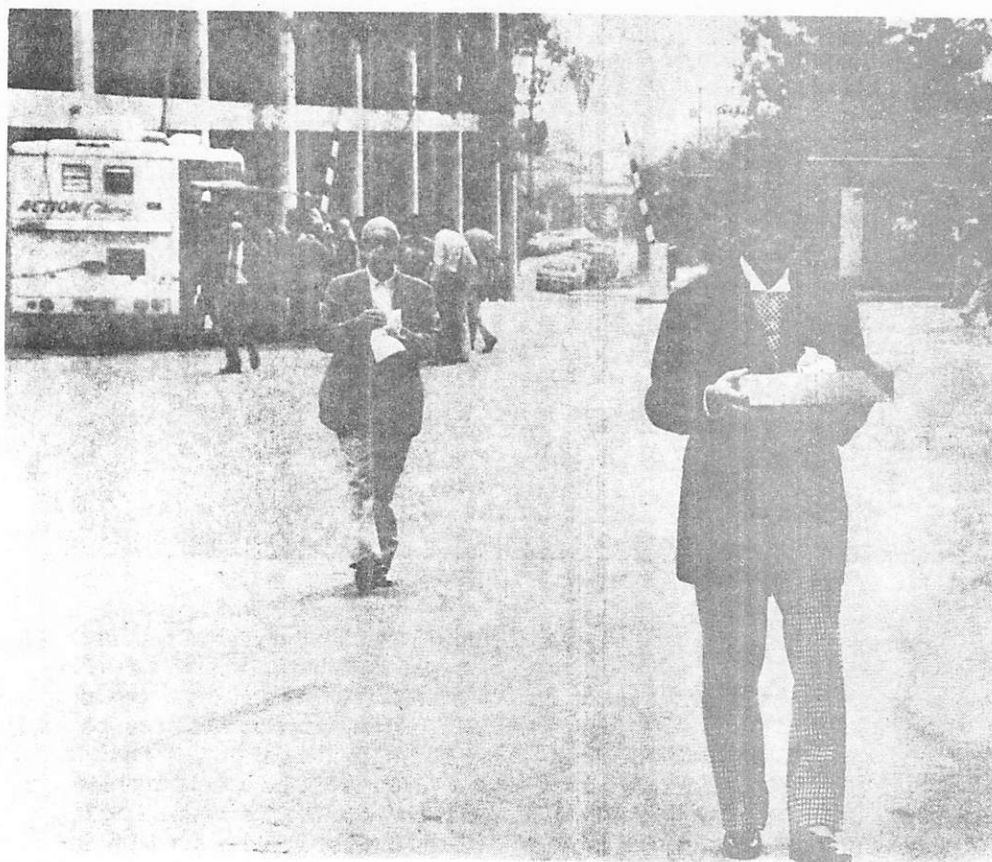
This year again, only Crosby's three younger kids (13 to 16) and their moth-

OVER THE TUBE



At the Crosbys' 38th annual broadcast wassail, Bing is joined by Mary Frances, Nathaniel, wife Kathryn, and Harry Jr.

er, Kathryn Grant, performed in the show. But the four older prodigal sons (now 36 to 41) by his late wife, Dixie Lee, made a point of visiting the set. It was a tribute to the old man, now 70, who for all his rigorous ten-hour days of taping, had nearly died last January of a rare lung fungus called nocardia.



There were no prima donna perks for headliner Crosby, who had to cart his own commissary tray during the NBC taping.

Kathryn beams under Killeg lights at the special. Once in features like 'Anatomy of a Murder,' she now does local TV.



The resulting special, to be aired Dec. 15 over NBC, shows no ill effects—it is, like earlier celebrations, as sugary, smooth and canned as Minute Maid O.J. If anything, Bing's ailment, having ended his smoking career, has made his baritone (says his veteran coproducer-writer Bill Angelos) "better and more mellow than it's been in years." Any jottings on the Crosby family Christmas card might also note a

new mellowness in Kathryn in the past year. At 41, she has just premiered a new morning TV interview show in San Francisco and continues to moonlight with the accomplished local American Conservatory Theatre. She is clearly a more self-assured and fulfilled woman than when she married Bing—a 24-year-old ex-Texas beauty queen and Columbia Pictures starlet. For years she thrashed around trying to ex-



Bing and Phil Harris go gunning for pheasant in Iowa in one of their raucous annual outings on ABC's 'American Sportsman.'

press herself as a registered nurse and then as a schoolteacher.

In any case, the fondness within the family which suffuses next Sunday's hour is no put-on for the TV public. Kathryn now has developed a personally satisfying *modus vivendi* with the congenital, if gentle, chauvinism of her sportsman husband's endless summer. His record royalties (he has sold more than 400 million), his broadcasting and production holdings, his race horses, his 25 percent piece of the Pittsburgh Pirates et al, now take care of themselves. So Bing is free to focus on pleasure and to enjoy a seasonal cycle that includes fall duck-shooting in northern California or Chesapeake Bay. Then perhaps, it's off to Africa, but for camera safaris only. "I'm not interested in big game," he says, and he now shoots only "for the table." In May, he heads for his hacienda in Las Cruces in Baja California, Mexico, and fishing in the Sea of Cortez. "For a while I was going for a world record in marlin, but that got beyond my reach," Bing confesses. Besides, adds conservationist convert Crosby, "We now release marlin after we catch them—they're an endangered species." In between, he golfs daily where the sun is—if not at home in Hillsborough, Calif. (where the Hearsts also live), then in the British Isles or on the Continent. He has just acquired a second Mexican home in Guadalajara, because it has "the very best climate in the world for a golfer." Many of his sportive esca-

pades through the years have been stag with old showbiz cronies like Phil Harris, staged in some instances for ABC's *American Sportsman* series.

So where does all that leave his family? "We used to be able to take the kids out of school," explains Bing. "Their mother would teach them. But now two are in high school, and it isn't allowed." As for Kathryn herself, "Someone once criticized me," she says, "for not being down at Las Cruces when Bing was there. I told them Bing hadn't invited me. And when he did invite me, I would go." Which is why she finds her new TV job "fits a lot of my needs. We can tape ahead for times when Bing wants to be away." Kathryn also makes practical use of her old nurse's training. She vaccinates the local kids in Las Cruces and gives annual flu shots to her colleagues in the ACT repertory company.

She is also active in Bay Area char-

ities, helps plan the annual Bing Crosby benefit golf tourney, studies voice and dance, and jogs five miles a day, memorizing poems like Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* on the run. "I don't think kids today want a mother waiting at home with a cookie and milk," she says.

Their 16-year-old, Harry Lillis Jr., "is a serious music student" at a Jesuit high school. He duck hunts with Dad, teaches guitar and, like a true Californian, is into oenology ("We've always allowed the children to toast in wine on special occasions," says Mom). Mary Frances is the famous first and only Crosby daughter, a hazel-eyed knockout who studies ballet four or five hours a day and, says Kathryn, "can relate to people on an adult level sometimes and be very babyish at others, which is nice in a 15-year-old." The youngest, Nathaniel, Mom beams, is "cool, very self-contained and organized," the junior jock in the clan. Already, at 13, he can out-drive his father in golf.

But Bing, his illness last winter notwithstanding, still has the complete game, and can wipe out Nat on the final card. It is a skill he has sharpened as an escapee from smoggy L.A. to Hillsborough a decade ago. Nor is Bing an aficionado of the indoor sporting life of places like Vegas. His preference for the great outdoors has assured that whatever the flacks may say about the return of Sinatra, ol' Bing Crosby still has the clearest, bluest eyes in the West.

NANCY FABER

During production of the special, the kids were required by Hollywood rules to do schoolwork three hours a day.





With the temperature 100° in the shade and a three-days-shooting schedule pro-

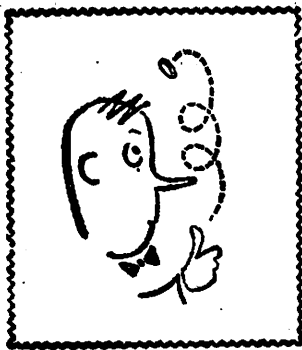
tracted into two weeks, Santa Crosby understandably looked burnt.

Stanton Delaplane's Postcard

The Time of Our Life

SAN ISIDRO, MEXICO — I woke at dawn to find Roberto on the doorstep. He announced: "Senor Bing Crosby has arrived!"

San Isidro is a new home-and-golf club development in the hills outside bustling Guadalajara which is Mexico's second city. It is billed as "The Home of the Bing Crosby World Open" and, when Crosby arrives, it's an exciting event.



There are rumors that Crosby will move from his home near San Francisco to San Isidro. It doesn't hurt real estate sales to realize that you, too, might settle here and over the lush hills you might hear a voice singing, "When the Blue of the Night."

WE WAKE early in Mexico. Everything wakes early. As dawn comes, a burro brays loudly. The imported African hens arise. A cry that sounds like the twanging of a barbed wire.

In back of our house there's a bird that says loudly: "Go back Go back! Go back! Go back!"

Ophelia the Fair arrives. Rattles last night's dishes. Across the road, workmen turn on a portable radio tuned to a rock station in Guadalajara. The day has begun. Like it or not.

THE GIRL MOPPET—(12 starry-eyed years)—immediately set out to trap Senor Crosby.

She said: "I've GOT to get his autograph! Everybody at home will DIE!" She said: "How will I do it?"

I said: "Lay in ambush at the 18th hole. If he looks like he's had a low score, ask him."

She said: "Will he come to lunch at the club?"

I said: "How do I know? He probably has a cook that fixes a better lunch."

★ ★ ★
MR. CROSBY did not come to the club for lunch. We did find out from Jose, the waiter, that he had played golf though.

Jose brings me tequila and talks of getting to the U.S. He made it once as a wetback — in Mexico they call it "wireman." He jumped the wire at the border.

"I paid \$200 to get in."

He worked three months as a cook. Then U.S. Immigration caught him and sent him back. Mexicans who enter illegally are usually turned in by Americans of Mexican descent. They work cheaper and are a threat to their jobs.

In those glorious three months, Jose learned a little English. That's how he got a job at the San Isidro Country Club.

★ ★ ★
THE GIRL MOPPET was desperate. She said: "What will I do? We're leaving tomorrow!"

I said: "Go up to his house. Tell him you're selling Girl Scout cookies. Ask him to sign an order blank."

She said: "I don't HAVE any Girl Scout cookies."

I said: "Get Ophelia to put sugar on some tortillas. Tell him they are Mexican Girl Scout cookies."

She said: "You just don't CARE!"

★ ★ ★
SHE WENT BACK to the clubhouse. She said: "I found out he plays golf at 9." She went to bed at 8. Washed her hair first.

She was up with the dawn and burros. She changed clothes several times and examined herself anxiously in the mirror.

She left the house at 8: "I don't want to be late."

She returned triumphantly at 9:15. She had the autograph — "He signed it right across his picture!"

I said: "What did he say?"

She said vaguely: "Nothing very much."

(You don't have that kind of experience with just ANYBODY.)

Submitted by Helen Tolton

THE CLUB CROSBY'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH BING - January 24, 1975

By Bill Osborn, Seattle, Washington



The Reader's, Pat Priscilla, Bill

It all began well over a year ago. Back in 1973, Priscilla Koernig, our Club Crosby vice president, secured an okeh from Bing to conduct a taped interview with him at the time of the running of the 33rd Bing Crosby National Pro-Am golf tournament. Priscilla asked if I would help her in this undertaking. Naturally my answer was yes. Strangely, this was to be the first such interview in the history of the Club Crosby. It was a wonderful idea and the result would be a prized possession for the archives of our club.

Joe Venuti and I were to leave from Seattle by automobile in time for the event. However, plans seemed to go downhill almost as soon as they were made. If you remember, December of 1973 was at the very height of the gas shortage of that period and the state of Oregon seemed to be the hardest hit of all. A good portion of our trip was to be driven through that state. Added to this, the weather of the Monterey Peninsula turned extremely sour, in fact the worst in the history of these great golfing tournaments. The clincher, of course, was the near tragic event of Bing's illness when he was rushed to the hospital on New Year's Eve of 1973. That was the mortal blow. The interview, naturally, never came off at that time but, hopefully, it could be conducted the following year.

Priscilla set up plans for this year's interview over four months ago. Somehow negotiations never seemed to jell for an exact time and date, so it was decided to meet Bing after we arrived and make the necessary arrangements at that time.

I left Seattle by plane on the evening of January 22 and was met by Priscilla, Graham & Margaret Reade of Australia, and Nancy Aslanian. These four people were waiting for me when I arrived at the San Francisco International Airport, and we immediately left by car for Carmel, arriving by 11:00 P.M. Pat Sullivan, our club president, was already there & greeted us at the motel as soon as we arrived.

Early Thursday morning our little band of stalwarts took off for the Cypress Point club to conduct a do-or-die effort to arrange the interview with Mr. C. We didn't have long to wait. Bing was in residence in a suite at the Cypress Point Club and at approximately 9:00 A.M. the familiar sight of the old groaner was seen walking across the balcony of the building and down the stairs toward us. Priscilla spearheaded the drive and in only moments asked the million dollar question. Bing said "Yes," an interview could be arranged and asked us to meet him there at 9:00 A.M. on Friday, the following morning. With a handshake, a warm smile & a wave, Bing got into his assigned limousine and took off for other bits of business in his hectic schedule. It was as simple as that.

On the morning of January 24th all of us were eagerly awaiting Bing's arrival. Again we didn't have long to wait. At 8:53 A.M. Bing appeared, greeted us very warmly and said to follow him. He escorted us to the vacated verandah of the clubhouse, the recording equipment was quickly set up, and the interview began at 9:00 A.M.

By a strange coincidence, Bing had been interviewed a couple of days earlier at this very spot by his wife, Kathryn. Mrs. Crosby has a TV show that is aired daily in the San Francisco area. This interview by Bing and herself was telecast at 9:00 A.M. that Friday, at the very time our own interview was taking place.

Bing looked great; he was most relaxed and seemed in no hurry to conclude the interview. We all felt that he would have given us far more time than was actually taken.

The interview was conducted by Priscilla, Graham and myself. The following is a complete transcript of this event:

BILL: And here he is now, Mr. Bing Crosby. Good morning, Bing.

BING: Very big introduction there. Oh fine, beautiful morning here. This is the second day of the pro-amateur golf tournament at Pebble Beach and we're sitting on the verandah at the Cypress Point clubhouse. I think we're going to have a good day today because the weather's been unusually good. Yesterday was super weather and it's going to be the same today and that always makes for a lot of fun for everybody.

BILL: Thanks, Bing, and that just about took my first question out, but I'm glad--I'm coming home free here. I've got one that you probably could go on for hours--what's the latest on the recording session that you're going to work with Ken Barnes?

BING: Well, probably ahead of that I should say that I just finished an album in Los Angeles with Paul Smith. He's a famous pianist and arranger and conductor. It's an album of southern songs. When I say southern songs, I mean songs that were very popular in the 20's and the early 30's--some of them even go back to the teens--songs like "Carolina in the Morning," "Crying for the Carolines," "Georgia on my Mind," "Alabama Bound," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," "Sleepy Time Down South." These were all big hits when I was growing up and nobody's fooled with them since to speak of. They've been used occasionally on shows by somebody now and then, but I just thought I'd make an album of them, and Paul has made some arrangements that are very unique. Some of them he's got bossa nova, some of them rock, some of them rumba--and given them a new treatment, a new background, a new character that they hadn't been heard in before--and we think it might have a chance to be a successful album.

The other thing you asked about was Ken Barnes. There's two albums to be made in February over there. One of them is Broadway songs, old and new, going back to Rodgers & Hart, Gershwin, Yumans, up to...& then the other half will be Bacharach and Lowe & Lerner & people like that who have written for Broadway recently. The second album is just a bunch of up songs--cheerful songs--philosophical songs. I don't know, I guess that's the best way to describe them--philosophical songs, songs that you look for the silver lining type of songs, you know. A fellow named Pete Moore is doing the arranging and he's got a very good record--he's made some wonderful things. He's sort of semi-modern and very advanced, very progressive type of arranger & conductor, so I'm going over there in February and do those two.



BILL: Well, that's wonderful, Bing. Tell me, is there anything you know at all about the release dates on these yet?

BING: Oh no, I haven't the foggiest idea.

BILL: They will be this year though?

BING: Oh, sure. One or two of them. Maybe all three, I don't know, but certainly one or two of them.

BILL: Alright, I do have a couple of fast questions for you. What about TV commitments. Anything coming up in the near future for you?

BING: I think everything I've been concerned with on TV this year has already been on--the American Sportsman, the Christmas show & the special, and now the golf telecast Saturday & Sunday. I have a project with Lee Mendelssohn and you might know who he is. He's a producer that does the Charlie Brown television specials. He wants to do "50 Years of Popular American Music" with me as a narrator and probably singing a few songs here and there, and he has that in preparation and he's submitting it to the networks to see if they evince an interest or if they can dig up a sponsor, but he's done all the spade work already--the ground work--and it could be a very big, important show, a 90-minute show.

Let's see, what else have I got. Ought to be doing another Sportsman in the fall, I'm sure. They want me to do one with Harry this time, because he's quite an angler, hunter & shooter.

PRISCILLA: He's quite a dog trainer too, isn't he?

BING: Yes, he trains 3 dogs--he's got 3 Labs he's training. One's a 5-year old & the other 2 are pups, a year & a half, & they're all pretty well broken now & pretty well schooled--we shoot over all three of them.

BILL: I have one more before I turn it over to Priscilla. Anything at all coming up in the movie line for you in the near future?

BING: Yes, there's a suggestion occasionally that I get a script or something. Let's see, I had something the other day that they--oh, I can't remember what it was--that Howard Kotch over at Paramount sent me a script. I didn't get a chance to read it yet, but I haven't anything definite, no. The television really--you reach for a larger audience, a lot less work, the pay is about the same, so why do it?

BILL: Well, thanks very much temporarily, Bing. I'm going to hand this over now to Priscilla and she's got a couple of questions for you too.

PRISCILLA: Thank you, Bill. One thing that I want to ask that interests me quite a bit, Bing, is about Laguna Honda. You appear there every year. How did that originally get started?

BING: I think it was through my friendship with Trader Vic; you know, the restaurateur. For many years he's been helping them out there and when I first moved up to San Francisco--oh, ten or twelve years ago, he was a friend of mine and he told me what he had been doing out there. I got interested in it and followed it up and, as a result, we started doing these shows.

PRISCILLA: They sure love your coming there every year. I've sat out in the audience and you can just see the joy on their faces.

BING: Well, they're a great audience to work for because they really appreciate everything you do. We never had any formal kind of a show. We just get a few things that the kids might know and kinda ad lib it, and they understand that--they don't expect anything real classy or organized. Good thing they don't.

Priscilla continuing: Don't you think that's the best kind of a show to do in that particular place?

BING: The best kind of a show? Oh yes, particularly a Christmas show, because at Christmas time people that are confined in hospitals like that--Christmas means a lot more to them than it does to us--any little thing that can be done for them at Christmas time is most welcome, I'm sure.

PRISCILLA: I'll turn the mike over to you, Graham.

GRAHAM: Thank you, Priscilla. Bing, can we expect to see you in Australia some day?

BING: I keep thinking I'm going over there and I don't know what happens. Something always interferes. It's such a long way off. I've always thought it useless to go over there for a week or 10 days to see such a big country, and particularly to take in New Zealand. If I went, I'd want to fish, I'd want to shoot, & I'd want to play some golf, & I'd want to see some racing--to try to find a season when all those things are available. For instance, the bird shooting would only be available in the autumn. I guess autumn over there would be our spring, wouldn't it? And then maybe they're not racing. Or maybe the fishing's not any good. Maybe the weather's too bad to play golf. So it's a question of getting all things organized--getting enough time--I'd have to go for at least a month, I think.

GRAHAM: The best time to come over would be around autumn, I think.

BING: Autumn to catch everything? I'd want to be there when there's some important racing fixture like the Melbourne Cup or the Caulfield Cup, or something like that.

GRAHAM: The Australian club would like to give you one of these...



Pat Friscilla

Editor's note:
At this point, Graham presents Bing with "Going Hollywood," Vol. 1, one of their privately produced albums. The conversation becomes a 5-way exchange between those at the table (Bing, Bill Osborn, Friscilla Kcernig, Graham Reade, and Pat Sullivan). Bing seems genuinely intrigued with the album, reads all the titles, laughs out loud at some of them, including "Bucking the Wind," about which he says "I can't even remember ever singing that!" and thanks Graham for the gift.

BILL: Well, Bing, we certainly appreciate all the time & effort that you've given us here because I know you have a million & one things...

BING: Very little time, very little effort.

BILL: He's a gentleman to the end folks. But, thanks again. I wish you the best and it won't be long before we see you on TV-- that will only be about two more days.

BING: Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

BILL: That will be tomorrow. So, from all the members here of Club Crosby, thanks very much, Bing, and the best to you from now on in your career.

BING: Thank you very much and thanks to all the members of the club for their interest and their support. I appreciate it very much.

* * *

It's Crosby Time

THE MOST unusual thing about this year's National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship, sponsored by Bing Crosby is that the sun is shining. And the weather man, with fingers crossed no doubt, is forecasting the same through Sunday.

The good weather has brought a last minute surge of ticket sales, the hotels and motels are rapidly filling up and Bing Crosby himself, unlike last year when he was hospitalized, will be on hand as host.

Crosby has said in the past that the one thing that has given him the most pleasure in a long and pedestrian career, as he puts it, has been this golf tournament, and the charities that it serves.

This week he said it again, and forecast that with the weather holding this will be the greatest tournament of them all. The great field of players, including the red hot Johnny Miller, both professional and amateur, will make it so, said Crosby.

And nowhere, he says, is golf played against a more spectacular setting than on the golf courses built by the late, great Sam Morse. "We owe him a great debt of gratitude," says Crosby, "and that should never be forgotten.

"We now have 90 student loan funds in universities and colleges in 30 states," said Crosby, "and I am really keen on this program. Letters from the young people who benefit are really heart warming."

This will be the 34th Crosby tournament and the 29th to be played on the Monterey

Peninsula. The earlier events were played at Rancho Santa Fe near San Diego.

There has never been a salary paid in the history of the tournament and all proceeds go to charity, a total of almost \$3 million having been given away over the years, with the accent on youth activities.

To achieve this, some 400 unpaid volunteers put in approximately 20,000 working hours each year. Bing's "neighbors" in a way, make the charity event possible.

The attraction that brings people to the tournament, sometimes in most foul weather, is that, as Crosby has pointed out, it is a very colorful, exciting event, with the world's greatest professionals, celebrities and sports figures. And playing three of the world's greatest golf courses.

What sometimes is forgotten is the great economic boost that the tournament gives this tourist oriented community at a time of year when they need it most. In the old days, before the Crosby, you could shoot a cannon through the lobby of every hotel and motel on the Monterey Peninsula without hitting anybody. Things are different now.

So for all of this we are most grateful, for the fun of Crosby week, for the charities that benefit from it and for the economic windfall.

And the best way to put this gratitude into practice is to buy a ticket to the tournament and then get out there in the sunshine and enjoy it. The weather may never be this good again.

Bing Grateful To Golf Fans

(Following is host Big Crosby's official thank you note to Clambake golf fans.)

"I'm always slightly amazed in the presence of a knowledgeable golf gallery. Or course, such galleries were rare, if one excepts the Masters or the British Isles, until recently.

"I recall one year at the Masters when a player received an ovation just by the selection of a club. Doug Ford, leading by a shot on the last day, was playing number 15. A par five that can be reached in two, but if you fall short, you're in the water, and a six or worse is likely.

"A huge crowd was following Ford who had hit what was only a fair tee shot. After a brief study, Doug's caddy handed him an iron to lay up and insure a par. Doug addressed his ball, then walked back to his bag and pulled out a 3 wood. The crowd cheered wildly. He hit the green, too — and they exploded.

"I was playing a match for charity in Dublin one time with an Irish amateur and a couple of pros. The course was close to town and a goodly turnout resulted. A tweedy crowd with a substantial swatch of little old ladies, smartly dressed in burberrys, balbriggans and tams.

"We had come to a rather longish four par and I was off the tee in good style. There was a bit of a breeze against me, and although I had only about 165 yards to go, I selected a 3 wood.

"The crowd closed in in back of me soundlessly. I struck it smartly and in half flight it appeared dead on. But the wind took it and it faded into the deep trap in front of the green. Complete silence for a moment, and then one of the little old ladies just in back of me, said to her companion, "Ach! He should've taken a mid-iron and slipped it under the wind."

"I feel our galleries here at Pebble Beach are unique — divisible as follows: One third come to watch the pros, one third the actors and the celebrities, and one third to watch the weather and its baleful effect on the efforts of the athletes.

"For whatever purpose brings them here, we're most grateful."

—Bing Crosby

By MILTON RICHMAN
NEW YORK (UPI) — Thirty-eight years ago, long before Johnny Miller was ever born much less even heard of, they were getting ready to play the same golf tournament they are today, only then it wasn't known as the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am.

The official name for it was the Rancho Santa Fe Amateur-

Pro sponsored by Bing Crosby, and it wasn't played in Pebble Beach, Calif., as it is now, but outside San Diego.

Today, the odds-on favorite to win the Crosby is white-hot Johnny Miller who opened the year with spectacular back-to-back triumphs at Phoenix and Tucson.

Thirty-eight years ago there was no one single favorite to

win the Rancho Santa Fe tournament, which would be christened the Crosby a year later. There were three young fellows bunched so closely together that they were given equal chances of winning. Their names were Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson and Jimmy Demaret.

Another kid newcomer from Hot Springs, Va., was getting some attention, too. He was 24, he had won his first tournament in Oakland only a couple of weeks before and he was so much of an unknown that in Los Angeles, where he had finished sixth, the scorekeepers couldn't even get his name right.

Crosby Pro-Am Isn't What It Used to Be

Chico Enterprise Record - 1-22-75

They put it up on the board as S-N-E-E-D. Nobody bothered correcting them, pointing out that the correct spelling was S-N-E-A-D ... Sam Snead.

In 1937, its very first year, Bing Crosby's tournament, or "clambake" as he liked to call it, was a two-day 36-hole PGA sponsored affair.

To give you some idea of what inflation has done, the purse was \$3,000 then, and it's \$215,000 now.

On the first day of that first tournament, a fierce storm suddenly whipped up, flooding the greens and washing out all the bridges on the course.

Bing Crosby was heartsick. He had invited all the top touring pros along with many of his golf-playing movie buddies, like Richard Arlen and Johnny "Tarzan" Weismuller, but here was something he couldn't possibly foresee, foul weather, and suddenly he had no more tournament.

Then, as now, Crosby was enormously generous.

"With the weather the way it is, and the course under water, I don't think we'll be able to play, out here's my check for the purse," he told Fred Corcoran, the tournament director. "I don't know what you're gonna do with this check. Do anything

you want with it. Divide it up among the pros or add it on to another one of their purses this year."

The next day though the storm abated. The weather became very cold and it dried the course sufficiently so that it could be played. The "tournament" was cut from 36-holes to 18 and from a two-day event to one.

Sam Snead came in with a four-under-par 68 and nobody could beat it. Not Ben Hogan, not Byron Nelson, not Jimmy Demaret, not anybody.

When Crosby presented Snead with the first prize, Sam looked at the check for \$500 and furrowed his brow.

"Can I get it in cash?" he asked.

Celebrated for his frugality and thriftiness down through the years, Sam Snead, approaching 63, has the same aims now that he had in 1937. He said then he wanted to make all

the money he could, and the Ryder Cup team as well. He says now he wants to make all the money he can, and the Ryder Cup this year.

"I'm goin' back on the tour," says Snead, who spent Tuesday practicing, the same way he spends any day he's not playing. "I'm gonna play the tour more regularly this year."

Most people weren't aware that Snead had ever left the tour.

"He's the millionaire hillbilly who hasn't changed a bit ... or a buck ... in the past 30 years," says one of his closest friends. "He has been very conservative with his money, but I think the reputation he has for tightness is no more true than was Jack Benny's. Sam'll always let you pay the cab fare, but I've also heard him give his word that he'd have his money up, and there it was, \$50,000 the very next day. How many other golfers like that do you know?"

Some Friendly Little Golf Became a Pro-Am Tourney

IN 1937, a well-known entertainer invited some of his Hollywood friends to Rancho Santa Fe near San Diego for a friendly little golf tournament where the pros played all rounds with the amateurs.

It was the birth of the pro-amateur celebrity golf tournament. The entertainer was Bing Crosby.

On Saturday and next Sunday, Bing will be host and special commentator for the exclusive ABC telecasts of his 34th Annual Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament live from Pebble Beach, Calif.

The Crosby, which moved to the Monterey Peninsula in 1947, is now played over three famous courses — Pebble Beach, Spyglass Hill and Cypress Point.

It was on the latter course, also in 1947 that Bing, already famous as a low handicap golfer, entered the golf hall of fame when he became only the second man ever to make a hole in one 222 yards over the water on the famous 16th hole on Monterey Bay.

Bing notes that during the tournament, the professionals inevitably play the 16th safe if they have a

good score going and the wind is difficult.

"Jack Nicklaus, however, goes for it every time he plays, regardless of how he stands or what the conditions are," he says.

"And let me tell you that the awesome stretch of sea and sand that intervene between tee and green do make a fella tighten up a little."

As to the often-stormy weather at Pebble Beach for the Crosby (the tournament lost a day because of rain last year and in 1962 it actually snowed), Bing thinks the challenge of the elements adds "zest" to the play.

S.F. Sunday Examiner & Chronicle
Jan. 19, 1975

Golf from King to Bing!

by Al Perez

Photos by the late Julian Graham — courtesy Del Monte Properties

MS. HARBICK AND I were talking about the upcoming 34th renewal of the Bing Crosby tournament in the 17 Mile Drive and she said, "Did you know that King James IV of Scotland, known as James of the Iron Belt, who died fighting on foot with his spear-men round him on the stricken field of Flodden, is the first golfer of whom any record has come down to us?"

"Gee, I didn't know that."

Inspired by this utter bit of trivia, I tore down to the golf room of the library and found out she was absolutely right. 1502 it was when old Iron

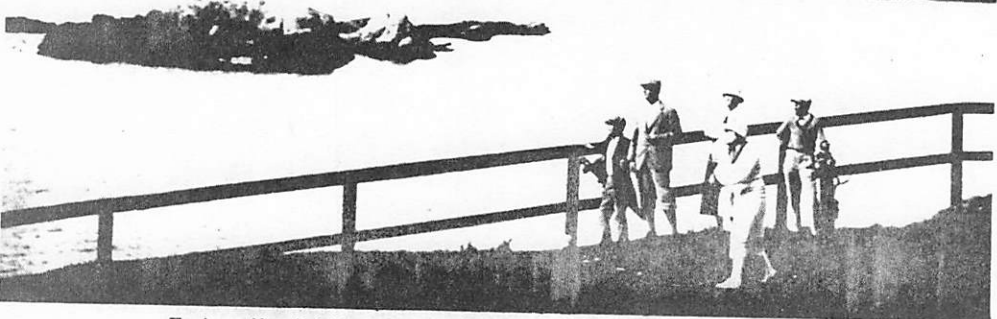
Belt drew some coins out of petty cash and commissioned a spoon, a mashie, a niblick and a putting stick from his ironsmith.

Then he gathered his gardeners and had them lay out a sporty little course around the castle grounds. And so the royal and ancient game of golf was on its way.

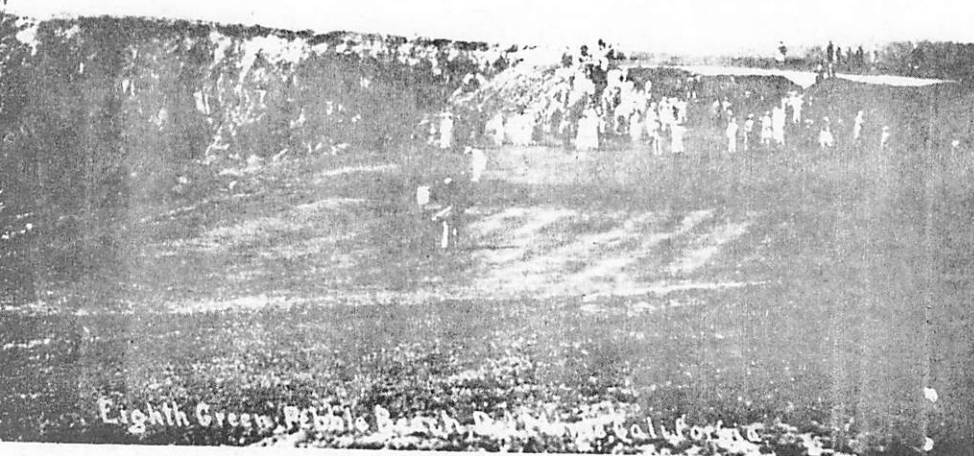
Eventually a couple of Scots brought their sticks over on the Mayflower or one of its sister ships and pioneered the sport in the new world. There's an ordinance dated 1659 in Albany, New York, forbidding all per-



Classic form at famous old Del Monte Course in 1911 shortly after the course was realigned and renovated.



Teeing off at Pebble Beach's 7th hole during the 20s with unspoiled forests beyond.



A stylish gallery at Pebble Beach during a ladies' tournament during the 20s.

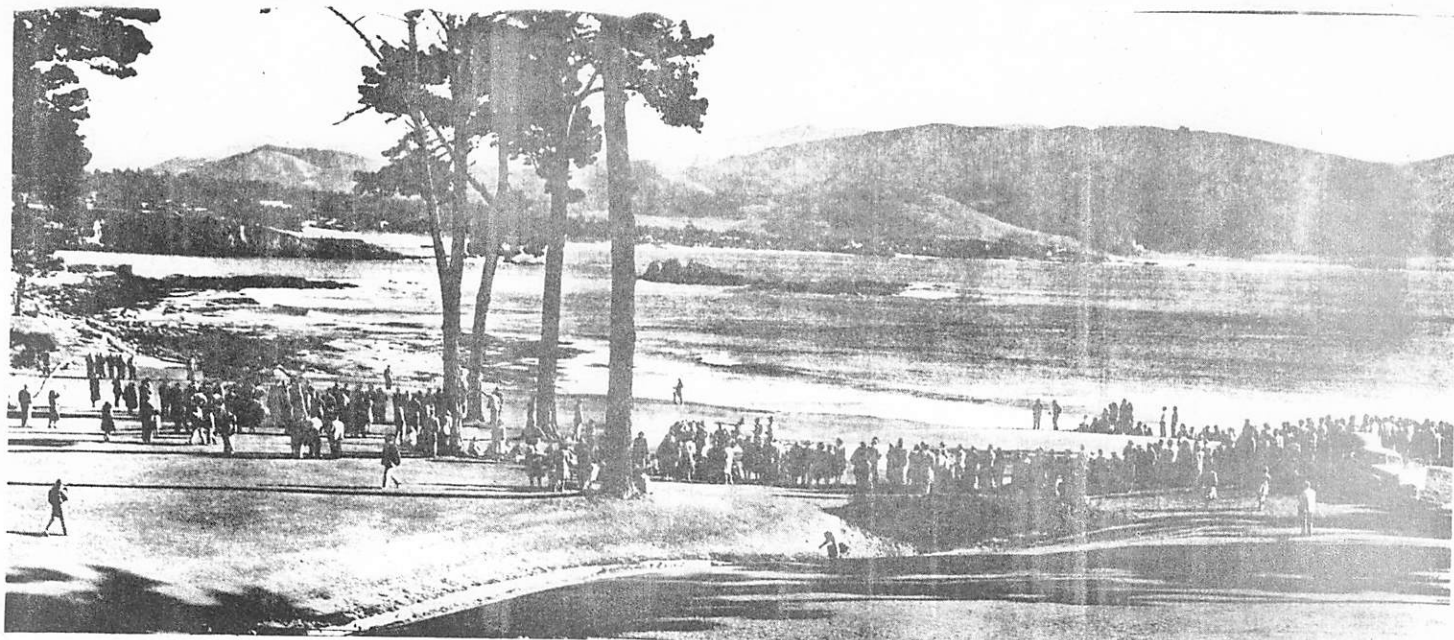
GENE SARAZEN

JOHNNY MCHUGH

EDDIE LOOS



Youthful Gene Sarazen, Johnny McHugh and Eddie Loos about to go out for a round at Del Monte. Both Sarazen and McHugh were U.S. Open winners and Sarazen played in many Crosbys.



Low tide and lovely skies for 1948 Crosby.

sons to play golf in the streets as many windows were being broken and people being winged.

The game gradually pushed its way west. Pioneers crossing the plains to the goldfields of California whiled away idle moments between Indian alerts by chipping buffalo clods over the wagons. Later they would keep in tune by chipping gold nuggets into washtubs for shipping to San Francisco.

A couple of decades later some of the boys who had hit it pretty good at the diggings like Crocker, Stanford and friends formed a company and bought a lot of beautiful terrain on the Mon-



Honorary Sheriff Bing caresses his Big Bertha.

terey Peninsula. In the Eighties they built a fantastic hotel called Del Monte (of the forest) which became the most famous watering spot on the Pacific Coast. Across the street from the hotel grounds they laid out one of the first golf courses in the West where most of the big championships were contested for the next half century.

Around 1911 the old Del Monte Course was renovated with lush new greens and fairways and the 18 holes were laid out much as they were to remain until the coming of the freeway.

Not long thereafter the Pacific Improvement Co. brought over a bright



Big Jack Neville, five time winner of California Amateur, uncoils at Pebble Beach which he helped design.



1929 National Amateur at Pebble Beach and Bobby Jones is ousted in first round by Johnny Goodman.



Walter Hagen on the Peninsula for exhibitions in 1929 strikes a pose at newly opened Pebble Beach.



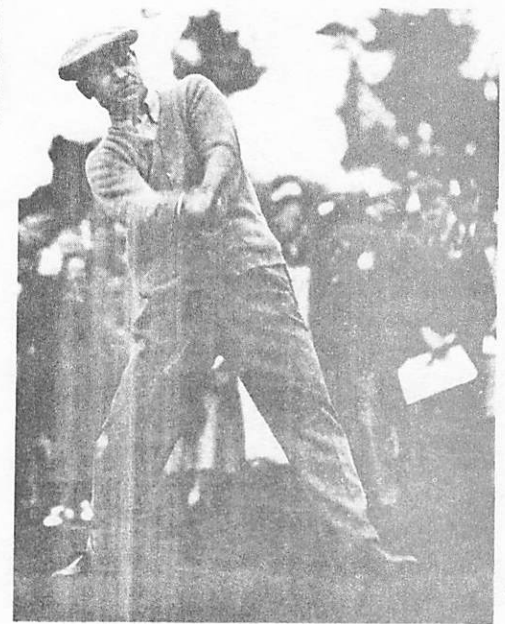
"The Haig" shoots off the first tee at old Del Monte in 1929 before an appreciative gallery.

young man named Samuel F.B. Morse to take charge of the whole operation. One morning he went for an inspection trip around the 17 mile drive and stopped for Beluga and Mumms at the rustic Pebble Beach Lodge. Looking out the big back window towards the Point Lobos headlands he chortled, "What a grand place for a golf course."

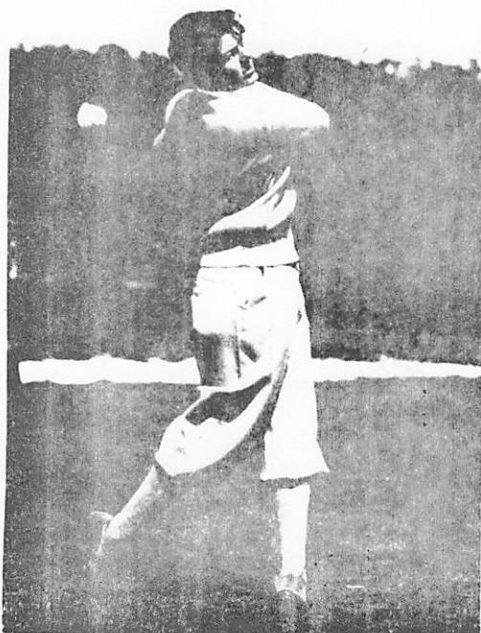
And so during the twinkling Twenties the great Pebble Beach Golf Course was built by two former California Amateur champions Douglas Grant and Jack Neville. Also built during the decade were the Cypress Point and Monterey Country Club courses.

So here we are with three of the most beautiful golf courses in the world ringing the pounding Pacific surf and time marches on. In 1937 Bing Crosby had a home at Rancho Santa Fe and decided to invite a few friends for a sociable tournament. San Diego's Chamber of Commerce suggested that Bing expand the tournament so that the nation would know we can golf here all year. Bing sent out 50 invitations but so many wanted in the list was raised to 156. Total purse was \$3,000.

It was to be a 36 hole event but sure enough the rains came. It was a deluge. Bridges were washed out. Play



Ben Hogan on his way to winning the 1949 Crosby. Hogan appeared to have pro golf at his mercy but two weeks later was almost killed in an auto crash.



Lawson Little Jr. at the National Amateur in 1929 at Pebble. He later won U.S. Amateur and Open titles.



Great Hawaiian golfer Francis Brown in 1929. He later won the California Amateur at Pebble Beach.



Lefty O'Doul unlimbers the big stick at Del Monte in 1928. Lefty led the National League in batting that year.

THE KING & BING

back the crazed beasts fleeing the rampaging waters? Did Phil Harris really chugalug a fifth of Daniels?

Anyway, it was a real sociable, friendly competition and Sam Snead, fresh from his first big win in the Oakland Open, took top money with a great four under par performance. It is uncertain still whether Slamming Sammy actually told Bing he'd rather have cash when handed the winner's check.

The tournament was held at Santa Fe until the war curtailed activities during which time Sam Snead won the event three times. After the war Ted Durein of the Monterey Herald approached Bing Crosby with the idea of bringing the tournament here to the peninsula. Bing thought the idea of playing a 54 hole tournament on three championship courses was fascinating. S.F.B. Morse agreed and put the Del Monte Properties Company squarely behind the project.

Bing was to put up five grand for prizes but the P.G.A. insisted on ten so Bing shrugged and pulled out another five big ones. Thus one of the five great tournaments of the golfing year was on its way. Since the beginning it has been a fantastic success. It has raised more money for charitable endeavors than any other tournament and though the P.G.A. is currently attempting to increase their share of the take it seems sure that many thousands will continue to be ladled out for youth centers and other good works.

As for the weather, although the gentlemen of the press have devoted much of their verbiage to its vagaries, only four days have been lost in the 33 renewals of this classic. There was opening day at Santa Fe; one awesome day in the Fifties when hurricane winds blew trees down all over Del Monte Forest; the miraculous snow-storm of 1962 and then last year's sodden debacle which we will immediately forget as it was held right after New Year's Day.

Ed Furgol and George Fazio tied for first in the inaugural Crosby here in 1947. Sam Snead and Roger Kelly won the pro-am. Snead also shared in a four way vistory in 1950 and became the only four time winner. In those



Maurie Luxford, Voice of the Crosby for many years.



Bob Hope, favorite of Crosby galleries for many years, plunks one down the first fairway at Pebble in 1953.

early days of the Crosby Sam Snead and Bob Hope, teaming with colorful Jimmy Demaret, were the big gallery pullers. All Hope had to do was sneeze to get all the Neds to guffawing.

Until 1958 the Crosby was a 54 hole event held over the Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Country Club courses. Those were the fun years before national television moved in and brought the Crosby into the big-time. You could go out on a Friday to the club and follow your favorites, stand right behind them as they

swung, maybe luck out and get in some conversation. For instance I was the first to print that Arnold Palmer grunted after every shot.

I remember one time on the 11th tee Lloyd Mangrum turned around and asked me, "Hey, kid, you ever play this course?", and I nodded and he said, "Which sand dune shall I aim for?" and I told him to aim for the little pine tree. He hit it on a line and almost made the green for an easy birdie. Later at the Blue Ox he bought us a drink. A real champion he was.

The big clubhouse was a great spot for socializing, especially when the elements were ornery. You could rub elbows with all kinds of celebrities like Fred McMurray and June Haver, Dennis O'Keefe and Peter Hay, hoist a few with Lefty O'Doul or Max Baer, watch Ray Bolger tippytoe across the crowded room, get a smile from Alice Faye and a wave from Ruby Hunter. Say, whatever became of Ruby Hunter?

The Clambakes on Sunday night following the tournament were real blasts at the Country Club. Booze was free and everybody lapped it up like things were going to turn to sand. The entertainment was uninhibited and often unpremeditated. A fellow I know would take a big demijohn out and fill it with the undrunk booze laying around. The jug would get him clear through Valentine's Day. As Hank Ketcham mentions in the 1975 program they were affairs to remember. Like the night Sam Morse hoisted Johnny Weismuller on his shoulders and paraded him around. And you know how big Johnny was.

In 1958 the tournament was changed to 72 holes and Billy Casper won with a 277 which is still the record score for the Crosby. It was a grand event with the sun shining on amazing crowds which have prevailed to this day raising more than three million dollars for charity.

After coming close for several years Jack Nicklaus finally won his first Crosby in 1967 in probably the classic of all finishes. The big three of golf Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper and Nicklaus were tied for the lead coming into the 68th hole. Palmer tried to cut a corner and went out of bounds and

Is Mad at PGA's Beman

Angry Crosby May Pull Out of Pro-Am

By JOE SARGIS

PEBBLE BEACH (UPI) — Bing Crosby is hopping mad at the PGA and unless he's given reason to change his mood in the next few months, there is better than a 50-50 chance the famed crooner will pull his popular Pro-Am out of the winter tour.

Crosby, who pioneered celebrity golf and helped a lot of

struggling pros in the 1940s and 50s pick up pocket money in the slack winter season, has run into a major difference of opinion with Deane Beman, commissioner of the PGA's Tournament Players Division, and if Beman and the PGA Policy Board, which includes four players, don't back off, it's goodbye to the Crosby clam-bake.

And if that happens, Bob Hope's Desert Classic and Andy Williams' San Diego Open won't be far behind. You could also add Glen Campbell's Los Angeles Open and Dean Martin's Tucson Open.

Bing brought the growing feud between the sponsors of the celebrity winter events and the PGA to light during the past weekend. He's not saying all

that much right now, because he honestly hopes to reach an agreement with the PGA that will enable his event and the others, too, to survive.

At the bottom of the argument between Crosby and Beman is the PGA's demand for a bigger slice of the television pie. The PGA has gone as far as to hire its own television coordinator, Steve Reid, with the idea of taking over complete control of all contracts involving television and its game.

The winter events, because of the celebrity format, have been great successes over the years, both at the gate and on television. The presence of Bing, Bob, Dean and Andy in the booth hasn't hurt. In fact, one television official said "as long as guys like Bing are on camera there will always be a long line of sponsors. Take him out, and it's just another telecast."

Crosby gave in some to the PGA this year, letting them take 30 per cent off the top of a \$280,000 television contract. But he insists that's it, he won't give the PGA another cent. The PGA is demanding 50 per cent in 1976 and 80 per cent in 1977.

Bing's reply has been short and sweet.

"Take 30 and be happy," he told Beman, "or it's adios."

Crosby officials insist that often the difference between making money and breaking even is the tournament's television contract. "Without all that television money, we'd be at the mercy of the weather," said Ted Durein, the man who helped Bing bring his event to Monterey Peninsula 28 years ago.

This past week's event attrac-

ted 77,000 fans but the weather was unusually warm. Throw in the television money and it's safe to assume the Crosby Charities got a big contribution this year. It rained last year, though, and Bing was hard-pressed to keep from dipping into his own pocket for the purse, something he's done enough times in the past.

Another side of the argument with the PGA involves the fact Bing makes his own television arrangements. Beman wants this to change. That's why he and the Policy Board hired Reid. When the PGA approached Bing on this point last Fall he literally told them where they could go.

"I've forgotten more about the television business than all of those people put together know right now," said Bing in a rare outburst. "There is no question in my mind I can make a better deal. If I didn't think so, I'd gladly turn it over to them."

So, that's where the whole problem lies right now, with nobody in the PGA commenting one way or the other. If the impasse continues and taking into account Bing's singlemindedness when it comes to his charities, there is little question among the people who know him best that it will be the end of the line for his tournament. The immediate losers would be pro golfers because Hope and Williams are sure to follow Crosby's lead.

The charities won't hurt all that much because Bing, Bob and Andy can put on one special apiece — on television of course — to make the same kind of money it takes their armies of volunteers to accomplish over a long period of time.

THE KING & BING

out of contention. Nicklaus finished with a sensational burst of birdies to win. Seven birdies he had on that damp, windy and bitter day.

Since then it has been Nicklaus against the field. Jack won back to back victories in 1972 and 1973 and then the new biggie of the tour Johnny Miller came on to win last year's abbreviated event.

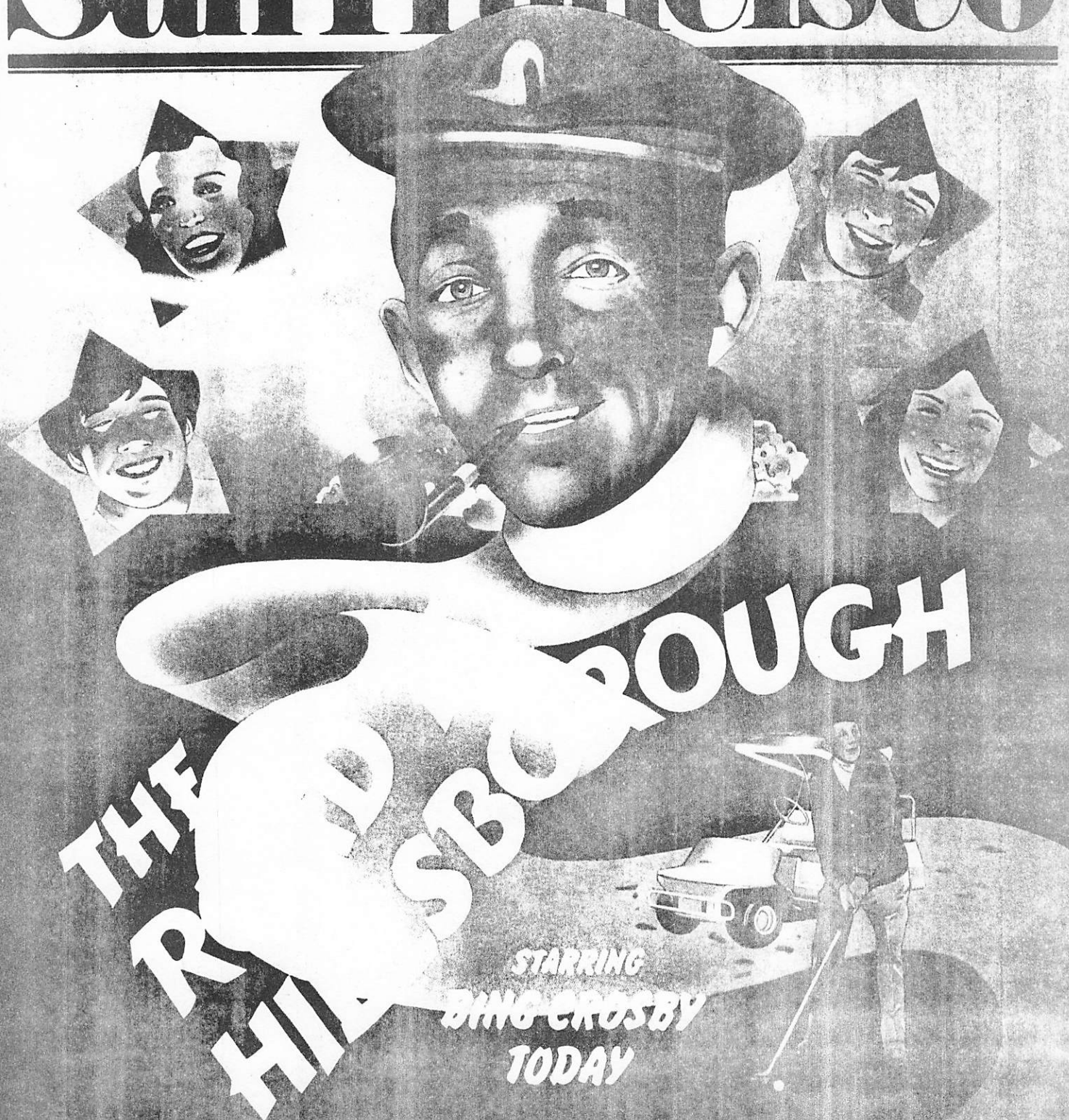
Miller set a money winning record last year and comes into this Crosby with a smoking wand. He won in Japan last month by seven strokes and is the man to beat along with Nicklaus.

So here we are again with the 34th renewal of the greatest tournament in the world and if the Farmer's Almanac is right this one could be the prettiest ever. Don't miss it. ■ by Al Perez

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The Road to Hillsborough

An interview with Bing Crosby . . .

by Tracy Johnston

The road that Bing Crosby traveled to his Normandy-style mansion in Hillsborough was a straight one. Right to the top. From the beginning as a jazz singer and drummer in 1925, he had what Hollywood calls "mass appeal." In his case, it was a beautiful, untrained voice and a nonchalance that was the precursor of "cool." He broke no new ground, took no disappointing dead-end paths, never had to accomplish a "first" or even anything controversial. He sailed along the road to fame and great riches by suggesting that life—even during the Depression and war—is nothing to get particularly uptight about.

"Why get yourself into a slough of despond?" Crosby asks in 1974, sitting in his library on an antique white couch with enormous fluffy down pillows. Crosby is an extremely pleasant-looking man. He almost seems out of place in his formidable house. His walk is springy, like a dancer's, and his clothes are of the baggy golf style. He is relaxed, but waits politely to be asked questions. This interview, for him, is business.

At one point, however, he does hum a tune from a new album he's doing of songs that illustrate his philosophy:

"I'm a millionaire, even though—da-da-dum—I've only got a pocketful of dreams . . ." Some of the voice is still there, and it sounds good.

The reporter has read enough about Crosby to know that at age 70, he has a talented, pretty young wife, three pleasant, obedient children and a lot of free time to play golf and tennis, hunt birds, fish, travel and "fool around" with Bob Hope and old "singer personality" friends on television. The reporter can't think of any reason why he should sink into a slough (he pronounces the word correctly) of despond.

"Have you ever wondered," she asks anyway, "if maybe there's something superficial about your philosophy—that maybe everything *won't* always work out?"

"If you *can* help something you don't let it just slide," he says, "but if you can't help

it, why worry?"

"So you don't ever say to yourself," she presses, "'Well this time I'm going to tell it like it really is; forget this optimism bit.'"

"Na-a-a-a-h," Crosby replies.

"For instance, you wouldn't want to sing blues?"

"Oh, the blues are basically kidding."

"You mean Billie Holiday was kidding all that time?"

"Well, if I sang the blues," Crosby replies, "I'd have to be kidding."

He means it. He is, after all, a devout Catholic. Whatever murky levels there are to his psyche are wrapped up in the forgiving and very private rituals of the church.

"I have sins," he says. "But you'll never know them. Only father confessor."

It begins to dawn on the reporter that Crosby's low-key, unpretentious public image has served him well. It has certainly allowed him to give hundreds of interviews over the years without ever upsetting his fans, and has kept the insecurity that makes good copy neatly under wraps.

Most bona fide living legends, like Crosby, find it difficult to keep their public and private lives respectfully separate. Sinatra still stands alone in Madison Square Garden, facing off the TV cameras as if they are opponents, making it perfectly clear that he—unlike Nixon or Ford or almost any other living human being—can say any goddamned thing he wants and still be loved. And Hope still jets from one guest appearance to another as if time and the public might be running out, calling strangers to his hotel room in the middle of the night because he can't stand to be alone. Only Crosby has kept his public image so low-key that it has never been tarnished with the hint of desperation.

The reporter asks if he thinks his public image is more or less what he really is.

"Oh, I guess so," Crosby says. "They think I'm pretty much of a lazy noodnik, and I am."

"Why do you think 'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas' sold more copies (around 20 million) than any other record in the history of the world?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's a pretty song, nice sentiment. It happened to catch on."

Ah-h-h, the Crosby nonchalance. 

Tracy Johnston has been published in the New York Times Magazine and Redbook.





“(Kathryn’s) mother said she was marrying me for publicity, but that all worked out fine . . .”

Crosby is no longer a man seeking new ideas, if he ever was. He isn't interested in the question of new comedy versus old, New Hollywood versus Old, or even politics (though he's not a right-winger as many assume). He doesn't want anything more out of life now, he says, except to see his children grow up to be useful citizens. At the time of the interview, he is mainly looking forward to trading jokes with some old friends on the way out to the duck club where he will eat well, tell stories with the boys, and get up at five the next morning to wait in the still, peaceful, “romantic” marshes for the calls of wild ducks and geese circling overhead.

Crosby says he spends maybe eighty or ninety days a year working—doing TV specials, fishing and hunting shows, guest spots and the golf tournament. The orange juice commercial he and his family made for Minute Maid was not done for the money, he says, but as a favor to an old friend. Crosby bought a lot of the company's stock when it was just starting, and sold when it was high. The money from the commercial, he seems to indicate with a shrug, is a drop in the bucket compared to what he's made off his initial investment. The rest of the year he hunts quail in Georgia, duck and geese around Marysville or the Sacramento Delta, and more exotic birds in Africa. (For a few years, he and four friends leased an island off Richmond, stocked it with quail and pheasant and hunted there.) He goes deep-sea fishing in the spring at his place in Las Cruces, Baja, and in the winter he spends some weekends at his ranch near Mt. Shasta, for more hunting and trout fishing. In between, he plays golf all over the world. (He can still break 80, and is one of two golfers to ever get a hole-in-one at the treacherous 16th hole at Cypress Point.)

Although he talks about his life-style as if it consisted of simple pleasures, Crosby's Hillsborough mansion is not what one would exactly call comfy. In fact, most of the rooms seem like they should be roped off in a museum. The living room was once part of an abbey in England, and the staircase and guest room were imported directly from San Simeon before Hearst gave the property to the state. The butler previously served the Queen mother, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

The house is clearly a showplace, which doesn't seem to fit with the active, purposeful life of the Crosbys, their love of show business, and their emphasis on family life. There is little memorabilia in sight; the only “star” photo is one signed by the Kennedys. Crosby gives Jack Kennedy the ultimate compliment:

“He was a great personality, whatever

you think of his politics; a good storyteller, really. Just a wonderful person to be around.”

Crosby's best memories seem to be of eccentric personalities, characters, people who were good storytellers and adventurers. He wants to write a book about some of them one day, although he says he's too lazy to get around to it.

He points out the French tapestries and the Queen Anne chairs as he gives a brief tour of the house, but what he really loves, one senses, is the kind of very simple fun that most of America remembers from the “Road Shows” he did with Hope and Dorothy Lamour years ago.

In those shows, boys were boys (that means they chased girls and tried all kinds of zany, crazy stunts), girls were loved and looked after (if they were well-mannered and pretty), you and I were just as good as any upper-class phonies (provided we were entertaining characters), and God in his heaven looked over all and forgave. In his best moments, Crosby came across as funny because of his nonchalance, his almost ingrained equanimity in the face of calamity, his readiness to burst into song and laughter without any particular cause.

The reporter asks if he feels that the “Road Shows” are the best thing he's done.

“I don't know if there was any quality to them other than they were a lot of laughs, a lot of entertainment,” he replies. “But it was great fun doing them.”

And that is just about the way he assesses his entire career now that he looks back on it. The road to the top, he says, never gave him any hard bumps, and it was mostly fun. (The top, in Crosby's case, is the very top. *The Guinness Book of Records* lists his record sales at 300,000,000 copies.)

“We had a musical family you know,” he says. “My sisters played the piano, my father played the guitar, my mother sang in the local theatricals and we always had music in the house. I guess we sang since we were very small, and it was kind of natural for me to be in a band.”

“But what about your famous delivery?” the reporter asks. “You must have had to develop that with a lot of practice.”

“No, mostly imitation I guess. Jolson was a great idol of mine. All the great musical shows that used to go on the road would touch Spokane, Seattle, Portland when they were out West, and I learned by imitating the ones I liked.”

“Then how did such a lazy noodnik get to Hollywood?”

“I was studying law at Gonzaga, a small Jesuit college, and also playing drums and singing in a jazz orchestra. We made a lot of money for those days and I thought it

"I guess the unattractive part of politics for me is all the deals, the patronage . . ."

would probably be more lucrative than the study of law. And I wasn't very good at the study of law either."

So one day in 1925 Crosby woke up in Southern California to find that the good times he had imagined in fantasyland could all come true. He moved from one club to another, always somehow heading upwards despite repeated instances of drinking and carousing too much to make his shows on time.

"I did five or six shows a day in those days and didn't make much money at first," he says. "But it was so much fun that it never seemed like work to me. To be in that environment and around people I'd read about and heard about and whose records I'd listened to—I had no goals, I just wanted to be a part of it. I found myself in the company of jazz greats—Armstrong, the Dorsey Brothers, Beiderbecke, people like that. Those were my idols, you know—Glenn Miller . . ."

"Did they become your close friends?"
"All of them."

His first marriage to Dixie Lee was more difficult to handle than his career. She was known as a drinker, as was he, and he was away from home a lot. Their four sons were sent to Catholic boarding schools and didn't have an easy time trying to make it on their own. Gary Crosby, now a television actor, had some bouts with alcoholism, and the other three sons have been married and divorced a lot and still hover not too successfully on the edges of show business.

"Gary works all the time on TV," Crosby says. "He's in a couple of series now and had a series of his own ('Adam 12') for awhile. He does a lot with youth activities in his area—little league baseball, basketball and football. Dennis is in the quadrasonic sound system business [previous reports had him importing fish from Mexico and selling vitamin pills] and another boy, Lindsey, rents horses to Western pictures and acts in them. Phillip does nightclub work, he just got back from Australia."

Crosby says he thinks they are all doing just fine. During the interview he does not say a bad word about anyone.

In 1957, a year or so after Dixie Lee died, Crosby married Kathryn—a Texas beauty queen who had come to Hollywood to be in the movies. He was 52, she was 22, and they started a family right away. This time he was determined to do it right.

"Oh yeah, our age difference caused a scandal," says Crosby. "Her mother said she was marrying me for publicity, but that all worked out fine."

He met her when she interviewed him for a local Texas newspaper. "What was it," the reporter asks, "that made the interview so memorable?"

"She impressed me for a girl of her age," Crosby replies. "She was bright and articulate, literate for a Texas girl, and she had a lot of drive. Still does."

Since marrying Crosby, Kathryn has done summer theater stock, gotten a nursing degree, acted with ACT for two years, given many elegant parties for the Burlingame social set, and now has a talk show at 9:00 a.m. on KPIX. On television she is poised and controlled, never allowing a particularly aggressive intellect to show itself behind her Southern charm.

The Crosbys moved to Hillsborough from Hollywood twelve years ago.

"I'd been coming up here for years," Crosby explains. "I played all the old theaters: The Golden Gate, The Warfield, The Paramount over in Oakland, and the T&D. I had many friends here and started to play golf—there's just so much good golf around here, around all of Northern California."

Crosby says that at this point in his life raising his kids is really what he cares about most.

"You want to be successful at raising your kids more than pretty near anything—you know, having your children turn into somebody you can be proud of. Looking back, I can see I didn't do enough with the four boys. I just didn't have the time to be with them. I thought I was a good father at the time, but now I'm with these kids all the time and I think it's a good thing. They're not at boarding schools, we all have dinner together, things like that."

Crosby is obviously proud of Harry, 17, Mary-Frances, 15, and Nathaniel, 13.

"Harry," he says, "is a serious musical student. He's studying harmony and composition. Plays the guitar and piano and wants to go to Juilliard. He's a good golfer and is training three hunting dogs. He plays tennis—he's very, very busy. He's not too interested in singing although once a week a fellow comes out here and they sing for a couple of hours—he's trying to learn how to project. Now you have to hug him to hear him. I just tell him to go ahead and holler and he'll finally find a range or register that's suitable."

Hasn't Crosby ever taken voice lessons, ever?

"Once my mother took me to a voice teacher when I was about ten and he started giving me the

ah ah ah ah ah ah

and I never went back. The neighborhood kids teased me about it—thought I was a real sissy to take voice training."

"So your children aren't doing it the easy way like you?"

"No. For instance Mary-Frances wants





Crosby and his mansion: "comfy" is not quite the right word . . .

training. She's been in the ballet nine or ten years and wants to be an actress. She's studying voice now. She's done a couple of things on television and at school. She has a peculiar quality that you find very seldom in people. She can be quite an ordinary-looking girl—around, talking, visiting, whatever—and as soon as she gets up on the stage and starts to read a line or sing a song or do a dance, something happens. She just electrifies—sparks come. You see that very rarely and for that reason I think she has a future.

"Now the younger one, 13, is strictly into sports: golf, tennis, football, statistics. The Minnesota Vikings is his team. He goes to their training camp when they're out here. He went to the game where they played the 49ers and sat on the bench and during one of the pass plays the defensive end for the Vikings ran right over him. He loved it. He takes golf and tennis lessons and he's a serious student. He really practices what he's been taught and works at it. I think he's going to be a good athlete."

The privileged life, the conspicuous wealth, are reminiscent of another Peninsula family—the Hearsts—and of course, Patty. Patty's father just after she was kidnapped said, "We've had her for twenty years, they've only had her for six weeks."

The photographer asks Crosby how people on the Peninsula were affected by the SLA. He's been told that the FBI doesn't want exits and entrances to Crosby's house photographed.

"Well, of course, we know the Hearsts very well and feel just terrible about the whole thing. But we have a very good police department here and now we have this electronic gate . . ."

His voice trails off. The thought of the SLA is obviously a nightmare. For the very rich, the usual fear of kidnaping has taken on new dimensions.

As the reporter wanders outside with Crosby and surveys the huge Eucalyptus trees and the expansive, very green lawn, she remembers that the one thing people say they want to know about Crosby is whether or not he voted for Nixon. The



Alan Fisher, the Crosby butler.

public, for some reason, is intensely curious about how Hollywood stars vote.

"I've never been too interested in politics," Crosby says. "I just don't think it's quite legitimate for an entertainer to use whatever influence he might have to get people to vote one way or the other. Sure, I was disillusioned by Watergate. I never thought that sort of thing went on at that level. You know if you try and think how long it's been since we've had a statesman—we've had a lot of politicians, but we haven't had a statesman since—the only name that comes to mind is Robert Taft."

"Perhaps Adlai Stevenson."

"Yes, Stevenson, too. I actually thought Stevenson would have made a good President. I guess the unattractive part of politics for me is all the deals, the patronage; you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. Like ambassadors. I've traveled all over the world and met some American ambassadors that can't even speak the language of the country they're in. In Britain they train their ambassadors. Here they get pushed out of a political machine."

"I was talking over long distance to Washington D.C. with a senator awhile back—called me for some deal—and I said, 'How do you think Max Rafferty will do back there if he gets elected?' And he said 'Don't worry, we'll tell him what to do.' That's the attitude."

"Are you a Democrat?"

"No, I don't think I'm anything. I'd probably be a Republican, I guess. It seems lately I've voted for Republicans more than anyone else so I must be a Republican. Do they have a different political philosophy? I don't know."

So that's the way Bing Crosby feels about politics. Did he vote for Nixon? Sort it out for yourself: He voted for Kennedy; he gave a talk supporting his old friend Shirley Temple Black; he was against the Vietnam War from the start. He thinks he's a Republican.

Crosby's wealth is also a constant source of speculation for his fans. Magazines have continually listed him as one of the ten richest actors in Hollywood. Royalties alone would do it they say, but in addition he has oil and banking interests, owns part of the Pittsburgh Pirates, some race horses and a TV production company.

Crosby says Hope has got to be the richest man in Hollywood. "But anyone with a long career who took care of himself," he says, "has a lot of money now." He got a lawyer forty years ago and has more or less left his business affairs to him.

Crosby also gives his share of money to charity. (The golf tournament nets around \$400,000.) He's interested in preserving the Atlantic salmon, saving wild ducks and keeping streams unpolluted for fishing.

A couple of years ago, he says, he and some friends won a campaign against the fishermen of Denmark who were indiscriminately netting thousands of tons of Atlantic Salmon each year before they could return to American rivers to spawn. Since the fish meant two or three million dollars a year to Denmark, the country was reluctant to give them up.

"Finally," says Crosby, "we threatened to boycott Danish products—cheese, beer, silver, all of the stuff they sell in America—and they came back with a threat to boycott my movies. But I don't think one had been shown there since 1930, so that was an empty threat."

Eventually Crosby got the American government involved and a treaty was worked out with Denmark which will

phase out the fishing in two years.

Besides sporting causes, Crosby's other charitable interest is "Youth Fund," which gets its money from the Crosby Golf Tournament. The money goes to small colleges across the country in the form of loans to students who want to continue their education. It also builds and maintains recreation centers for youth and supports several charities around the Monterey Peninsula.

Towards the end of the interview, it is clear to the reporter that Bing Crosby is a subject unlike any other she's known. Many subjects enjoy talking to her because they like to come up with intelligent ideas about who they are and what they're doing. Others want to talk but are so busy making it that they have to hurry and take care of business. Crosby, however, is a man who simply has more interesting things to do than sit around and talk. He would rather be with the boys—telling stories, playing practical jokes, singing, making quips. He's like Mickey Rooney in all those early movies saying, "Hey, gang, I have a great idea! Why don't we get a bunch of the kids together, get some musical instruments, some costumes, and put on a show?"

"Oh I love that kind of thing," he says. "there's nothing worse than a big cocktail party where you stand around and just

talk. We once had a group called the Westwood Hills Marching and Chowder Society. About twice a month one of the members would put on a big entertainment, and everybody would work up a skit, privately—a bit of some kind. And they'd put up a tent in the backyard and do a show. We had a great time. Some of those people were really funny—great to ad-lib with, good sense of timing and so forth.

"Or if we went to someone's house for a dinner party, after dinner everybody would do something: sing, tell stories. Some of it was a little staggy—nothing too rancid—but things you couldn't do publicly."

When the photographer starts focusing his camera in the morning sunlight, Crosby excuses himself, goes inside the house and emerges with a hat and tennis ball. Although he freely admits to being 70, calls himself an ex-singer, and seems to have become a full-time sportsman, the necessity of having a head of hair for his public remains. The tennis ball is also an old pro's prop; by throwing it up in the air and bouncing it off a couple of walls he can produce the familiar Crosby cool, even without the pipe or a song.

Inside, while just sitting and talking, he had twitched his leg so nervously that once it thumped the coffee table for several seconds before he noticed. Outside, with the tennis ball, however, the body moves loosely but in control; the eyebrows go up, the eyelids are heavy, one corner of the

mouth twists slightly into a nonchalant smile.

The photographer and he work quickly together—Crosby holding poses that he knows are right. His voice betrays irritation because the reporter is keeping him so long, but the look of good humor, the sense of having a very pleasant time, never leaves his face as the camera shutter, set on automatic, snaps away. The reporter remembers Crosby is an actor—some have said even a better actor than singer. He won an Academy Award, after all, for his portrayal of a Catholic priest in *Going My Way*.

He looks at his watch and finally says, "I've got to go."

The butler brings around the car and the reporter asks him if he likes working for Crosby.

Crosby says, "Just don't tell them about the marijuana patch out in the backyard."

The butler says, "Oh, and Harry's selling it in school. We won't tell them about that either."

Crosby gets in the Rolls-Royce and drives off. The exchange, between the man whose crooning has sold more than three hundred million records, and the butler, who has served the Prince of Wales, is just a joke.

The butler says, "Really, it's so boring, don't you think, to hear the other side of the story from the servants. I mean, isn't a man like Bing Crosby enough?"

San Francisco: December

Herb Caen - S.F. Chronicle
Nov. 10, 1974

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THANKS TO Harvey Geller, we can pass along the fine story of Toots Shor betting Bing Crosby, in a New York pub, that he could outsing The Groaner. A bet was duly made, and Toots, after downing a double, arose and stood atop a chair. As he prepared to sing, he turned to Bing, waggled a finger, and said, "Remember, now, this is for loud!"

Excerpts from PEARL'S KITCHEN
by Pearl Bailey. Published by
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, N.Y.,
1973. Submitted by Helen Tolton.

I know quite a few people in show business who have reached a level in their careers where they can turn back to the luxuries of home cooking. Some

are performers, and some are in the business side of entertainment. They are my friends, for they share with me, if nothing else, a love of cooking and sharing. I will tell you a few stories about these people and pass along to you some of their own favorite recipes, with their permission, of course. Also, I'll include recipes from some friends not directly involved in show business.

Think of it—his name has been a household word for many years. We know him as a wonderful father and husband, and we know his voice as the sound of "White Christmas." Who goes through any Yule season without hearing that song crooned by Bing Crosby? He is a man of many sides—a movie star who loves to fish. He is easy-going, and yet he is the hardest worker on any set where he appears. He is the first to arrive in the studio, even before some of the crew. Then when work is over, he is the last one to put that pipe in his mouth, slant his jaunty hat and saunter away. He is a man with a great sense of humor, and he is a dream of a human being.

I know of one time when I managed to keep Bing for quite a while after a taping.

The occasion was the first show in my series for ABC a couple of seasons ago. It was a wonderful show to do with Bing, Louis Armstrong, and Andy Williams. Our theater was the Hollywood Palace, which had a pretty good patio. I had arranged in advance to cook for all the crew and guests on the show. I sent some of my staff members out to rent tables and all the trimmings. Personally, I don't like to stand up and eat. Old folks used to say that if you did that the food would go right to your feet. Actually, I don't need anything to go to my feet because usually my feet are hurting too much for added attractions.

I had done all my cooking on Thursday night after rehearsal—chicken, macaroni and cheese, and rice pudding. I had the staff bring in a bar and we had some kegs of beer there as well. I was prepared for seventy or eighty people, which is what we had.

Some of the things had to be warm, so I asked a friend to bring the food down in the evening. I had to be at the theater all afternoon. I wanted to be sure that everything was hot if it was *supposed* to be hot. I am a real bug about that. Fortunately we had beautiful weather, so the patio was perfect. We were prepared for the possibility that we might have to move into the balcony section of the theater, which had a place large enough for us all.

Bing sent for Katherine, his wife, who is one of the most wonderful women I ever met in my life. The office staff were all prepared to help out in the evening, starting around ten, for this fabulous dinner I had prepared. Actually, I had let them off from work about three so that they could get some rest and have a few hours off.

The whole thing was a fantastic success! Everyone had a wonderful time. No one made a move to leave there until between one and two in the morning.

I remember about one o'clock Bing was sitting there with his third dish of rice pudding, just shaking his head back and forth and saying how good it was. Katherine couldn't believe it, because Bing is usually so eager to get home after a show. That party was such a success that I decided to do the same thing every week. I got the thing down to a science with my cooking on Thursday after rehearsal and the big party at the theater for seventy or eighty people on Friday night after the taping. I'll never forget how wonderful the whole thing made me feel. Doing that cooking was a small way of showing the gratitude I felt for all of the talented and dedicated people who worked so hard to make my show successful.

PEARL'S RICE PUDDING

You will figure out how you like it best—how sweet and how thick. Here are the things that go in there: 3 or 4 cups cooked rice; milk (use quite a bit the first time, then work back down if necessary);

1 large box raisins; vanilla (use a lot, because it's weaker than it used to be); 4 to 6 eggs; ¼ pound butter; sugar, as much as you like. I use *plenty*.

After precooking the rice, put it into a roast pan or large casserole. Mix in all other ingredients—just put them all in there at once, Honey. Stir well and put into a 350° oven for about 40 minutes. Remember, the more milk you use, the better the pudding will hold its moisture until the next day.

Keeping up with the rehearsals and taping a weekly TV variety hour is a pretty strenuous exercise for everybody concerned. Often people will start to get tired and irritable in a situation like that. I think part of the problem comes from the fact that they are not *eating* properly or regularly. Louis passed along a little trick to all. Mix about equal parts of peanuts, mints, and raisins. I used to keep little containers of the mixture around the theater and in the offices so that people could just grab a handful and munch. I think it did a lot for everybody concerned. I think some were even putting on weight, despite the schedule we were keeping.

Bob Finkel was my producer. When his birthday rolled around I dreamed up a special treat for him. I had some of the office people empty out a waste basket and wash it with ammonia. Then I lined it with beautiful paper and filled that whole thing up with the special mixture. It took a couple of guys to get that thing in Bob's office. We had a real good laugh, and he started nibbling right away.

Almost a year after Bing was a guest on my show I taped a special with him. Again, we were rehearsing during the week for a Friday night taping. I kidded Bing, telling him that he shouldn't plan on dinner Friday night because I was bringing that wonderful meal again. We laughed and I don't think he took me seriously.

Well, Thursday night as I started home from the studio in the car I was thinking about what I could cook for Bing, because I really meant to go through with it. I knew that I would not be cooking just for

him, because for sure there would be a few others around. Just before I stopped at the market I opened my purse and counted out exactly thirteen dollars. That was it. I had wanted to cook for six or eight people because I knew good and well that the director and maybe some of the writers would smell that food and want to try a little bit.

I went into the market with my thirteen dollars and decided to see how I could make that work. I picked up six sweet potatoes, but they weighed too much. I put them down and picked up four. I figured I could cut them in half if I had to after Bing had a whole one. Then I thought, "Gee, I'll pass by the meat counter now so I can lay a couple of ham hocks on Bing." I asked for four, but when we got them on the scale it turned out that I was only going to buy two. Don't forget, I had my thirteen dollars measured out pretty well. I picked up some string beans and then I was still trying to figure out what to do about meat. I figured chicken was about the cheapest thing I could buy, and I did want to have plenty. I picked up three cut-up chickens. When I got to the cash register, I was holding my breath. It came out to \$12.83 with tax.

Friday night after the show, I made a grand ceremony out of opening up that meal for Bing. He just expressed his approval, put his pipe down, and wiped out everything.

SMOKED TROUT (Bing Crosby)

I've already told you that he loves to fish. You may be interested then to know what he does with trout. I will give it to you just as he gave it to me:

"More delicate flavor than lox and great for snacks. For this you need a piscatorial enthusiast and a hobby carpenter to make you a smoke box. This is a tight wooden box about 2' x 2' x 4' tall, with a front open flap to fit over your outdoor cooker.

"Clean the fish without cutting the throats, so they

can hang on a crossbar several inches from the box top. Soak them overnight in a brine heavy enough to float an egg. The next morning, with the box open, cook the fish over a wood fire 1½ to 2 hours, or until the skin hardens. Then, using green willows over the fire, close the box and cover with a tarpaulin to retain the smoke. Depending on the cure you like, 2 or 3 hours of slow smoking should suffice."

COMPOTE OF GAME BIRDS (Bing Crosby)

In the same letter, Bing gave me another recipe that sounds just wonderful:

"First capture yourself a Nimrod! You need pheasant, duck, and quail in stew proportions, with ham and sweetbread if you like.

"Start by boiling the bones with celery, carrots, onions, etc. Strain and add the meat. Cook slowly in Madeira sauce. Add sweetbreads during the last 15 minutes of cooking.

"The sauce is ½ *Español*, ½ tomato sauce and Madeira wine. Fear not the alcohol, which boils out, leaving only flavor. If you decide to make your own *Español* sauce, it takes 2 days. So get it in a can at the gourmet store. Serve this dish with ½ wild rice and ½ brown rice, or all wild rice if you prefer. I find that the brown rice adds body.

"Meringue Glacé makes a fine dessert. But careful, Pearl, it's fattening!"

RECORD REVIEWS FROM THE
GRAMOPHONE

January, 1975

As well as being the King of the Crooners, Bing Crosby is also the statistical emperor of the popular music world, and it seems unlikely that anyone will surpass his colossal record sales in the foreseeable future, bolstered annually as they are by a renewed seasonal surge of custom for his phenomenal version of "White Christmas." Consequently, the reappearance of "Bing--A Musical Autobiography" (MCA Coral mono CDMSP801), a five-LP set, is of documentary importance in pop history as well as being an unprecedented feast of good songs well sung.

The eighty-nine songs represent the cream of his long and distinguished singing career. Presented in virtually chronological order of their recording, they are a mixture of the original versions with accompaniments in the hands of varied musicians, including John Scott Trotter, Crosby's brother Bob, Victor Young, Jack Teagarden, Vic Schoen, Bob Haggart and Woody Herman, and recordings of the earliest numbers from the Crosby song repertoire with support from Buddy Cole and his Trio (comprising Cole on piano, guitarist Perry Botkin, bassist Dick Whitaker and drummer Nick Fatool). Whilst obviously lacking the vintage sounds and aural atmosphere of the originals, these trio-backed efforts are superb showcases for the unique Crosby talent of carrying a tune and projecting the lyrics with a minimum of instrumental support.

There were some famous guests participating in some of the songs such as Johnny Mercer in "Small Fry," Connee Boswell in "Yes Indeed!" Mary Martin in "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid" and "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie," Bob Hope in "Put it There Pal," the Andrews Sisters in "Pistol Packin' Mama," "Don't Fence Me In" and "South America Take It Away," Judy Garland in "Yah-ta-ta, Yah-ta-ta," Al Jolson in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Crosby's son Gary in "Play a Simple Melody" and "Sam's Song," Louis Armstrong in "Gone Fishin'" and Jane Wyman for "In the Cool Cool Cool of the Evening." It is impossible to single out a bad performance amongst the entire eighty-nine, and very difficult to specify favourites when the collection is totally enjoyable. However, in the latter category I must mention "I Surrender Dear," the Crosby signature tune "Where the Blue of the Night," "Sweet Leilani," "Only Forever," and the perennial "White Christmas."

January, 1974 - Brian Rust

...My other 'nostalgia raiser' is from the last few months of the war through the next eight years to 1952, when Bing Crosby was recording copiously with the Andrews Sisters, and on Coral CPS112, we can re-live the slightly more pleasant times by the songs that these artists made into automatic hits--things like "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?", "Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive," "Anything You Can Do," and "There's No Business Like Show Business"--and the macabre "Cool Water," the last number Bing and the Andrews Sisters ever made together. Their professionalism, which they dressed in relaxed, nonchalant musical drapery, makes pleasant listening of each and every one of the fourteen tracks on this disc. If you have the other two in the series of Bing-Andrews records, you can't do without this.

March, 1974 - Nigel Hunter

Bing Crosby is one of the most reliable indestructibles in the pop world, whose early work always sounds fresh and vital even when it dates back to the 1939-42 period as in the case of "Day Dreaming" (Coral CPS113). Some of the songs here should perhaps have been left in merciful obscurity as they are beyond the salvation of even the dulcet-toned Crosby genius, but as compensation there are first-class versions of the title song, "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," "Somebody Loves Me," "Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup" and "Miss You."

March, 1974 - John Postgate - Jazz Reviews

Louis Armstrong and Bing Crosby. "The Special Magic of Bing and Satchmo." Polydor MGM 2353 084.

I know this does not really belong in these columns, but I also know that many jazz fans have a soft spot for the joint talents of Bing and Satch, even when singing words of embarrassing banality (hear "Muskrat Ramble"), backed by a big orchestra and sometimes a choir. They are brilliant, of course, and seemingly ageless (this was recorded in the late fifties). Fragments of Satchmo's trumpet are to be heard, particularly delightful on the absurd "Sugar," but the real charm is typified by their rapport at the end of "Rocky Mountain Moon," or the professionalism of Armstrong's vocal passage with the choir on "Bye Bye Blues."

February, 1973 - Brian Rust

...Bing has twelve tracks with the Andrews girls, recorded between September 20th, 1939 and February 15th, 1950, and I must say that they appeal more to my ear than the songs of the Hawaiian islands which are presented, again twelve-fold, on the other Crosby disc. I find the electronically remastered, electronically amplified Hawaiian guitar sound trying when trotted out track after track, even with Bing Crosby's incomparable voice to offset it, but I know such songs do strike responsive nostalgic chords to many, so if you used to have the originals of things like "South Sea Island Magic," "Aloha Oe," "Sing Me a Song of the Islands" and/or any of the others in similar style thirty-odd years ago, and wish you still had them, Coral CPS 90 (electronic stereo) is the answer.

The Crosby-Andrews partnership produced some delightful things, some of them on this set being new to me. The vain hopes expressed in "Vict'ry Polka," the chauvinism of "The Freedom Train" & the Hollywood-style western flavor of "At the Flying 'W'," and several others may be hard to accept for those who cannot remember the forties, but the set is not aimed at them. Nearly all the numbers offered on Coral CPS 91 have really well-thought-out lyrics that tell a good story and rhyme neatly & not at all obviously ("Go West Young Man" is hilarious in this respect!) and I have seldom enjoyed a complete set of this kind so much.

March, 1973

...Further treasure of much older vintage has been unearthed from the same vaults for "I'll Sing You a Song of the Islands" by Bing Crosby (Coral CPS 90). The recordings date mostly from the 1936-42 period, and Mr. Crosby was accompanied by Dick McIntire and his Harmony Hawaiians; Lani McIntire and his Hawaiians; Harry Owens

and his Royal Hawaiian Hotel Orchestra; and the Paradise Island Trio. The sunny, soothing atmosphere of Hawaii is conveyed with total conviction, and the mellow tones of the not so 'Old Groaner' in those days were ideal for this pleasantly relaxing music exemplified by "Aloha Oe," "Dancing Under the Stars," "Sweet Hawaiian Chimes" and "Aloha Kuu Ipo Aloha"

October, 1973 - John Postgate - Jazz Reviews

Bing Crosby - "Bing and the Dixieland Bands." Coral CPS 105. Electronic stereo.

Formerly available as Ace of Hearts AH 31, this likeable collection displays the old Groaner, 20 to 30 years ago, largely unperturbed by his backing, pretending to sing jazz and failing as engagingly as ever. The Dixie is pretty phoney except when brother Bob's Bobcats are on hand ("Dreamboat" and "Walking the Floor") or when Eddie Condon and friends support ("After You've Gone" and, very temperately, "Blue") Curiosities are Red Nichols' cornet helping out John Scott Trotter's group on "Ida" and Connee Boswell assisting with the stilted words of "That's A Plenty."

September, 1972

The reappearance of some vintage Bing Crosby recordings in a low-priced series is an occasion for rejoicing for all Crosby addicts and anyone capable of appreciating the effortless expertise of one of the most polished and individual entertainers yet produced during this century. "I Love You Truly" (Coral CPS 79), "Bing and the Andrews Sisters, Vol. 1" (CPS 80) and "Rhythm on the Range" (CPS 81) offer a feast of the Old Groaner's talent. Incidentally, these are all in electronic stereo.

The first LP contains twelve titles making their first micro-groove appearance and recorded during the 1934-37 period when Mr. Crosby was establishing himself as a major Hollywood star, although none of the songs are actually from his films. The choice and performance are excellent, especially in the case of Ray Noble's "The Touch of Your Lips" and "The Very Thought of You;" "Just A-Wearyin' For You" and Jerome Kern's beautiful ballad, "The Folks Who Live on the Hill." The album with the Andrews Sisters revives classics such as "South America, Take It Away," "Route 66," "Don't Fence Me In," "Pistol Packin' Mama," and the "Three Caballeros" associated with some of the lighter, happier moments of the war years. "Rhythm on the Range" naturally features Mr. Crosby in cowboy mood, giving first-class accounts of western favourites of the calibre of "Sierra Sue," "Along the Santa Fe Trail," "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" and "Home on the Range." Three fascinating albums with their own place in pop music history.

November, 1972

There is a veritable meeting of the mighty in the shape of "Bing 'n' Basie" featuring Bing Crosby with Count Basie and his orchestra (Polydor 2932 007; cassette 3132 003), and it is remarkably pleasant to give Mr. Crosby his just pride of place again here so soon after welcoming the three Coral reissue albums of vintage Crosby-ana. His voice is showing its age nowadays as in the case of Frank Sinatra, but it is still miles ahead of any other singer in terms of individuality, phrasing and mellow relaxation.

Mr. Crosby deals with some superior examples of modern pop songwriting such as "Gentle on my Mind," "Everything is Beautiful," "Snowbird" and "Little Green Apples" with his customary aplomb and expertise, and he receives some wonderful support from Mr. Basie and his orchestra. The Count makes some characteristically effective contributions from the piano keyboard, and controls the superb powerhouse of musical sound under his command so that Mr. Crosby is never overshadowed or overwhelmed as could have been the case so easily. In this latter respect, arranger Sammy Nestico deserves his full share of credit for his part in an outstanding album.

AND FROM DOWN BEAT

September 14, 1972 - Joe H. Klee - Rating: Excellent

BING CROSBY

WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS—RCA Victor LPV 584: *Mary*; *Ol' Man River*; *Make Believe*; *Lovable*; *I'm Afraid of You*; *It Must Be True*; *Fool Me Some More*; *The Little Things in Life*; *I Surrender Dear*; *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*; *Just A Gigolo*; *One More Time*; *Thanks To You*; *I'm Gonna Get You*; *I'm Through With Love*; *Just One More Chance*.

Personnel: Crosby, vocal, with Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra (tracks 1-5) or Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra (all others). Recorded 1927-31.

Rating: ★★★★★

My generation grew up listening to Bing Crosby, and while these recordings are a bit earlier than the Deccas we bought for 35c (three for a dollar at some stores), we did hear Bing sing many of these songs, some of which

remained in his repertoire throughout his career (*I Surrender Dear* and *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*). Others here have proven less than unforgettable (*Fool Me Some More*, *One More Time*) and still others, while memorable, would never have been associated with Bing by his later fans (*Ol' Man River* and *Make Believe*).

This, then, is the genesis of a popular song stylist who became as familiar to those growing up between the two wars as the N.R.A. blue eagle and the voice of Gabriel Heatter. If I am nostalgic about this album, it's because I come from a long line of Crosby freaks.

Much in the early Crosby will be recognizable as Bing to someone hearing these records for the first time. True, by the time he became Hollywood's pet he had become a smother, more self-assured performer than the kid who breathlessly tries to keep up with Whiteman's businessman's bounce tempo on *Mary*. Even by the time of the Arnheim *One More Time* and *I'm Gonna Get You* his phrasing was still a bit stiff and he was not always quite comfortable with a hot tune. But the jazz influences (Louis, Teagarden, Bix, et al.) were becoming more noticeable. For example, on *Get You*, he injects the ad lib words, "Cause I'll never stand for that" to a phrase that is musically nothing but a trombone smear. He also puts a tag on the tune in a style which is a vocal approximations of Louis Armstrong's trumpet—a device which he retained.

This is early Bing, for sure, but certainly necessary for a true perspective on one of the major song stylists of American popular music. And as a bonus, there are glimpses of Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer on the Whiteman sides.

—klee

THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD. Story by Erdman Penner. Winston Huber. Joe Rinaldi. Ted Sears. Homer Brightman and Harry Reeves; based on Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows"; directed by Jack Kinney. Clio Geronimi and James Algar; production supervised by Ben Sharpsteen; songs by Don Raye and Gene De Paul; a Walt Disney feature-length cartoon filmed in Technicolor, released by RKO and featuring Bing Crosby and Basil Rathbone as narrators, and the voices of Eric Blom, Pat O'Malley, John Floyard, Colin Campbell, Campbell Grant, Claude Allister and The Rhythmaires. At the Mayfair.

As a craftsman who had strayed slightly from his chosen field, Walt Disney is to be congratulated on his return to the realm of pure animation in "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad," which arrived at the Mayfair on Saturday. For in this, his latest feature and

one in which a supporting cast of "live" players is refreshingly absent, Mr. Disney, abetted by his staff, such perfect narrators as Bing Crosby and Basil Rathbone, and a pair of durable literary works, has fashioned a conclave of cartoon creatures, which, by and large, have the winsome qualities and charm of such noted creations as "Mickey Mouse," "Dumbo," et al.

This is not to report that Mr. Disney has reached perfection in "Ichabod." He is still short of the mark. The "human" figures in these "adventures" are stilted, awkward creations and second cousins to Snow White, her Prince and other "people" in the dossier who were not an especial tribute to Disney and his animators. But in "Mr. Toad" he has limned a wondrously blithe bucko from Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows." And he has surrounded him with a crew to warm the cockles of the hearts of both the young and the old.

In unfolding his story, the producer is merely presenting two yarns, the first of which is "Mr. Toad," a frog, it may be remembered, whose utter disregard of his fortune and estate, Toad Hall, is the despair of his boom buddies, the Mole, Water Rat and Mac Badger. Mr. J. Thaddeus Toad epitomizes his "positive mania for fads" by careening around the countryside in a "yellow gypsy cart" drawn by Cyril, as whacky a steed as has ever galloped into a Disney horizon.

He follows this antic by buying a hot car through the simple expedient of selling Toad Hall to a gang of weasels. Although he is jailed, his friend Cyril manages his escape, and the final denouement, the film's high point in hilarity, should even get laughs from cynics and realists well into the age of reason.

Basil Rathbone's clipped narration is entirely in keeping with the tone of this fairy tale of rural England. Water Rat, the epitome of the genteel but stuffy country "gentleman"; Mac Badger, the irascible but kindly manager of Toad Hall, and Mole, a timorous, shy and loyal bumpkin, are creations equal to the best in the Disney zoo.

Although Mr. Crosby states that the "colonies" also produced a few notable characters in his introduction to "Old Icky," the tale of Ichabod Crane lacks the subtlety and satirical bite of its predecessor. Following the "facts" as relayed by Diedrich Knickerbocker to Washington Irving, the saga of the lanky, pin-headed "posturing pedagogue" is related almost literally and in broad splashy sequences.

- THE FILMS OF BING CROSBY - Part 9 -

Reviews from the New York Times

Pat Sullivan
Compiler

A few scenes, such as Ichabod's comic courting of Katrina van Tassel, the beautiful belle of Sleepy Hollow, and the dance at her Dutch farmstead, have wit and imagination. But that famous scene where the gullible and terrified Yankee schoolmaster, astride his bony nag, is chased through the Hollow by the Headless Horseman may be as terrifying to youngsters as any previous Disney hair-raiser.

The amiable Mr. Crosby's narration and the couple of songs he casually tosses in with the assistance of the Rhythmaires, is smooth and professional. The same may be said of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." It, too, is smooth and professional but it lacks the inventiveness and genuine whimsy of "Mr. Toad."

But the credits outweigh the debits and Mr. Disney has included

enough elements of entertainment to make his newest film package a solid entertainment. A. W.

O 10, 1949, 18:2

RIDING HIGH, screen play by Robert Riskin, with additional dialogue by Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose, based on a story by Mark Hellinger; directed and produced by Frank Capra for Paramount Pictures. At the Paramount.

Dan Brooks	Bing Crosby
Alice Higgins	Coleen Gray
J. L. Higgins	Charles Bickford
Margaret Higgins	Frances Gifford
Professor Pettigrew	Raymond Walburn
Happy McGuire	William Demarest
Whitely	Clarence Muse
Pop Jones	Percy Kilbride
Edna	Margaret Hamilton
Eddie Morgan	Douglas Dumbrille
Lee	Ward Bond
J. P. Chase	Gene Lockhart
Erickson	Charles Lane
Jockey Williams	Frankie Darro
Whitehall	Paul Harvey
Mathilda Winslow	Marjorie Hoshelle
Mary Early	Rand Brooks
Henry Early	Willard Waterman
Arthur Winslow	Jimmy Gleason
Racing Secretary	Doc Taylor
Joe	Joe Frisco
Comedian	Oliver Hardy
Horse Player	

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

Inspiration is something which strikes rarely in Hollywood—and when it does, it is usually tagged "genius," out of customary deference to restraint. But whatever you want to call it, it is certainly what hit Frank Capra hard when he thought of recruiting Bing Crosby to play a remake of the oldie, "Broadway Bill." And it is surely what stuck with Mr. Capra—and rubbed off on Mr. Crosby, too—all through the redoing of that classic into the current "Riding High." For this Capra-Crosby project, which came to the Paramount yesterday, is a genial and jovial entertainment that ties the original.

Indeed, with respect and affection for the sixteen-year-old "Broadway Bill," we might even stretch an estimation and say that "Riding High" beats it by a nose—or rather, by Mr. Crosby's casual and gay personality, which leaps to the front at the barrier and paces the picture all the way. As Dan Brooks, the vagrant horse-trainer whose loyal attachment to a nag inspires him to ditch a millionaire and follow the fortunes of his one-horse racing barn, the old "Bingle" is playing a character that fits him like a glove. Mr. Crosby has not been so fortunate in a role since "Going My Way."

And the striking thing is that the screen play which Robert Riskin originally wrote from a tangy Mark Hellinger fable has not been perceptibly changed to fit Mr. Crosby's personality or his natural disposition to star. Except for some clever new dialogue by Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose, it is the same yarn exactly that Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy originally played. And Bing, even limiting his singing to three or four lightly tossed off songs, takes his place

like a fair and seasoned trouper in line with a briskly clamoring cast.

As a matter of fact, the warm vitality which Mr. Capra has got into this film derives as much from the others—or almost as much as it does from Bing. For the story is equally compounded, as many remember well, from the rabble of race-track filmflammers and irrepressible hangers-on with whom Dan Brooks comes into contact. And these have their places in the sun. Indeed, Mr. Capra has measured the quantities in the film so well that he has carefully employed a large number of the actors in the original cast.

Raymond Walburn is back, for instance, as the high-binding Colonel Pettigrew (here titled "ex-Professor") whose pursuits of the elusive buck are quite as vain, though a great deal more elaborate and ostentatious, as those of Dan. And Clarence Muse, who played the stableboy and loyal flunky to Mr. Baxter years ago, is repeating that very important and thoroughly ingratiating role. William Demarest, substituting for the late Lynne Overman, is giving a varsity performance as a horse-park dyspeptic, too—and joins with Mr. Walburn and Mr. Crosby in one of the funniest scenes in the show. To attempt so much as an outline would be to take the spirit out of it.

From the original cast, too, are Douglas Dumbrille as a big-time betting syndicalist, Ward Bond as a henchman, Frankie Darro as a crooked jockey and Paul Harvey as a wealthy racing man. Coleen Gray is entirely captivating as the starry-eyed runner after Dan, and Frances Gifford is prettily haughty as the girl whom he gives the air. Several others deserve more than mention—Charles Bickford as a stuffy tycoon, Oliver Hardy in a bit as a fat horse-player and Jimmy Gleason as a track secretary—but that must do.

The final word goes to "Der Bingle," whose lovable way with a horse—as well as with music and people—gives that quality of richness to this film that makes it not only amusing but deeply ingratiating, too. Such songs as his gay "The Horse Told Me" or "Let's Bake a Sunshine Cake" fit in thoroughly with his character as a free-wheeling vagabond. Even though light and familiar, sentimental and even absurd, "Riding High" is his feedbox full of barley. Bing has a stakes winner in Broadway Bill.

MR. MUSIC, screen play by Arthur Sheekman, suggested by Samson Raphaelson's play, "Accent on Youth." Directed by Richard Haydn; produced by Robert L. Welch for Paramount Pictures. At the Paramount, Paul Merrick.....Bing Crosby
Katherine Holbrook.....Nancy Olson
Alex Conway.....Charles Coburn
Lorna Marvis.....Ruth Hussey
Jefferson Blake.....Robert Stack
Hagerly.....Tom Ewell
Aunt Amy.....Ida Moore
Mr. Danforth.....Charles Kemper
Tippy Carpenter.....Donald Woods
Themselves.....Marge and Gower Champion
Jerome Thisby.....Richard Haydn
and
Groucho Marx, Dorothy Kirsten, Peggy Lee
and The Merry Macs

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

To brighten the Christmas season, our old friend, Bing Crosby, is in town in a role (and an entertainment) that fits him—and he it—like a glove. In Paramount's "Mr. Music," which came to the Paramount yesterday, Der Bingle (which rhymes with Kris Kringle, we trust you will incidentally note) plays an easy-going song-writer who is coaxed into composing a musical score by a provokingly persistent young lady hired particularly for this job. And with newcomer Nancy Olson spreading much charm in the latter role; with Tom Ewell, Ida Moore,

Charles Coburn and even Groucho Marx and Dorothy Kirsten lending assists and with one of the nicest sets of new songs that Jimmy Van Heusen and Johnny Burke have ever turned out, this "Mr. Music" is certainly one of the cheeriest and brightest of current films.

There's no point in being coy about it: Bing has not been too fortunate in the general characteristics of his roles in his past three or four films. But in this light, romantic entertainment, based on Samson Raphaelson's play, "Accent on Youth," he acts the sort of droll, informal fellow that he himself happens to be. And since Bing's genial songsmith in this story takes more joyously to golfing than to work, it's the sort of job that our hero can well wrap his golf clubs around.

Fortunately, Arthur Sheekman has turned Mr. Raphaelson's play into a lively exercise with words and music that ambles gaily across the screen. True, there are times when the action, confined largely to a penthouse drawing-room (where Mr. Crosby toys with his golf clubs just as happily as he does on the course) tends to lag slightly and grow feeble. Even with Miss Olson as vis-a-vis, the sparring of boss and slave-driver drags just a bit now and then.

But regularly Mr. Sheekman catches up the lag with a nice/bit of comic invention that Director

Richard Haydn grabs upon and uses to keep the whole show going in a generally sophisticated style. It is notable that little condescension to the so-called juvenile taste is evident here. And the songs are adroitly integrated into the natural flow of the script so that Bing and the cast can get into them without pointing when they do the most good.

Best of the lot, for our taste, is a lightly philosophic rhapsody, "Life Is So Peculiar," which is done in several different ways. Bing and Peggy Lee sing it one time at a pent-house jamboree, at which the elastic young Champions, Marge and Gower, dance it spinfully. The Merry Macs also sing it in the ultimate musical show, put on as the songwriter's triumph, and Bing does it in a skit with Groucho Marx. This latter, incidentally, is a winning but strangely skimpy highlight of the film.

Next best is a smoothly melodious song of wistful love, "Accidents Will Happen," which Bing, after tinkering throughout, sings

in a pleasing duet with Dorothy Kirsten. And "High on the List" is that, too. Otherwise "Wouldn't It Be Funny," "You'll Be Home" and "Wasn't I There" are in the category of wholly agreeable tunes.

Miss Olson, who will be remembered as the young lady in "Sunset Boulevard," here demonstrates a thorough ability to handle a fragile romantic lead, and Charles Coburn is familiarly amusing as a harassed producer of musical shows. Ida Moore is chirpily comic as a starry-eyed chaperone, while Mr. Haydn, the commendable young director, is very funny in an asthmatic bit.

"Mr. Music" may not stack up with the best of the Crosby films, but it is certainly a contemporary achievement that the master may lean happily upon.

D 21, 1950, 34:3

'Here Comes the Groom,' New Bing Crosby Vehicle, Opens at the Astor Theatre

HERE COMES THE GROOM, screen play by Virginia Van Upp, Liam O'Brien and Nyles Connolly, based on a story by Robert Riskin and Liam O'Brien; directed and produced by Frank Capra. Presented by Paramount Pictures. At the Astor.

Pete Garvey.....Bing Crosby
Emmadel Jones.....Jane Wyman
Wilbur Stanley.....Franchot Tone
Winifred Stanley.....Alexis Smith
Pa Jones.....James Barton
Ma Jones.....Connie Gilchrist
George Dezman.....Robert Keith
Bobby.....Jacky Gencel
Sue.....Beverly Washburn
Theresa.....Anna Maria Alberghetti
Mr. McGonigle.....Walter Catlett
Uncle Prentiss.....Nicholas Joy
Uncle Elihu.....H. F. Warner
Uncle Adam.....Ian Wolfe
Aunt Abby.....Maidel Turner
Aunt Amy.....Adeline de Walt Reynolds
Mr. Godfrey.....Alan Reed
Mrs. Godfrey.....Minna Gombell
and
Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris, Louis Armstrong,
Cass Daley.

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

Again the calculated coincidence of Frank Capra and Bing Crosby, combined to produce and direct a picture and star in it, respectively, has resulted in a light, breezy item, nicely marked with the genial Capra touch and adorned with the cheerful disposition and the casual vocalizing of Bing. There isn't a great deal of substance to the gentlemen's "Here Comes the Groom," which they jointly turned over to Paramount for delivery to the Astor yesterday. As a matter of fact, a fair-sized zephyr or a few harsh words might blow it away,

and it barely survives the burlesque antics that occur in it from time to time. But the idea of it is amusing and the writing is clever and glib. Mr. Capra and Mr. Crosby have both worked harder and done worse.

Being a Crosby picture in this certain day and age, it has to have children in it—and children mean sentiment. The children in this particular instance are a couple of orphaned French tots whom Mr. Crosby, as a roving reporter, culls from a batch of same. And the sentiment is that he finds them so essential to his life, and he to theirs, that he brings them to America with him. A complicating factor, this.

For in order to hang onto the children, Mr. Crosby must be married within five days, and the girl with whom he thinks this most convenient is about to be wed to someone else. Indeed, she is about to be married to a fine Boston millionaire who is more handsome, more wise, more athletic but not more charming or clever than Bing. And so the main purpose of the picture is to show how Bing maneuvers and connives to break up the prearranged marriage and snag the lady just in time—which he does.

Somehow, we have a feeling that we have seen all of this before—or so many things so much like it that it has a familiar look. But, even so, clever Mr. Capra has kept it moving along so well and he has got so many likely people in it, other than Bing and the kids, that it rolls.

Bing, of course, is the big thing, and there's no use describing him—except to note that he looks a little thinner and a little wearier under the weight of the years. Pretty soon Mr. Crosby will have to stop playing carefree scamps and he'll have to side-step such risky numbers as "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," which he plugs here. He'll have to stick to the less exhausting efforts, such as "Your Own Little House" or "Bonne Nuit." Hopping around and play-acting sort of takes the wind out of him.

But Jane Wyman still can scamper, and she does plenty of it here, as does Alexis Smith as her rival—and wrestling opponent—for the millionaire. The latter is suavely developed by a slyly smiling Franchot Tone into something nice and entertaining in the stuffy Bostonian line. James Barton and Connie Gilchrist as the parents of Miss Wyman are fetching, too, and Jacky Gencel and Beverly Washburn are appealing as the French kids.

Additional music is provided by Anna Maria Alberghetti, an Italian miss who sings the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto" and then quietly slips away, and also by Louis Armstrong, Phil Harris, Cass Daley and Dorothy Lamour, who assist Mr. Crosby in delivering "Misto Cristoforo Colombo" while fellow-passengers of his in a plane. With all due respect to these worthies, they are obvious "ringers" in this film. It could get along just as well without them.

And it's better than television, as someone says.

S 21, 1951, 19:2

JUST FOR YOU, screen play by Robert Carson, based on "Fanny" by Stephen Vincent Benet, directed by Elliott Nugent, produced by Pat Duggan for Paramount Pictures. At the Capitol.

Jordan Blake		Bing Crosby
Carolina Hill		Jane Wyman
Allida de Bronkhart		Ethel Barrymore
Jerry Blake		Robert Arthur
Barbara Blake		Natalie Wood
Mrs. Angevine		Cora Witherspoon
Georgie Polansky		Ben Lessy
Hodges		Regis Toomey
Leo		Art Smith
David McKenzie		Leon Tyler
Hank Ross		Willis Boucsey
George		Herbert Vigram

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

Bing Crosby's well-known reputation as an amiable father of boys may have no bearing whatsoever on his new picture, "Just For You," but it is notable that, in this song-plugged fable, he plays a father who has trouble with his son.

Solemnly, anxiously, benignly, the greying Bingle appears as a widower dad who is torn between sparking Jane Wyman and squaring himself with his 18-year-old lad—who also turns out, as the story develops, to be interested in Jane. And by the time it is ended, the genial papa is not only jake with his son, but he is locked in the arms of Miss Wyman and has got his 'teen-age daughter into a fancy finishing school.

Whether the line of procedure arranged by the writer of the script of this new Paramount picture at the Capitol would be approved by the real Crosby Pere is open to question, however—and we seriously doubt that it would. For the real Bing, they say, is realistic—and this little story is not.

The son, played by Robert Arthur, is supposed to be 18, but his mental processes and behavior are those of an adolescent boy. He gushes, he pouts, he fumbles feebly and painfully with words and he acts toward the debonnaire Miss Wyman as though she were his teacher in the sixth grade at school. And Bing, who is usually imperturbable and takes childish matters in his stride, worries and ponders over this one in the most unpaternalistic way. Indeed, he actually ducks the whole problem, by courtesy of Robert Carson, who wrote the script. In the showdown, it is the Air Forces that makes a man of the boy.

Meanwhile, as casually and lightly as he is solemn with respect to the lad, the old fellow arranges matters for his daughter to enter the finishing school. And this he does by soft-talking the headmistress, Ethel Barrymore, and enchanting an alumnae tea-party by singing "On the 10:10 from Ten-Ten-Tennessee." As for his romance with Miss Wyman, that works out naturally. After all, the two were thoroughly warmed up in last year's "Here Comes the Groom."

Put this one down as an endeavor in a generous cause that fails to come off entirely because it lacks sharp direction—and a script. Elliott Nugent's staging and pacing is as rigid and uninspired as the stiff and conventional plotting in Mr. Carson's script. And the songs and song numbers, while pleasant, are nothing to set the screen on fire.

Best of the lot is that favorite of the disk jockeys, "Zing a Little Zong," which Mr. Crosby and Miss Wyman handle in a gentle-

manly and ladylike way. And a big dance production number, done to a Spanish serenade, has strong visual style and vitality in the Technicolor in which the picture is made. For the most part, however, the ideas are worked out in pretty tedious talk, which we rather image Mr. Crosby, as a practicing papa, would eschew.

O 9, 1952, 40:6

ROAD TO BALI, screen play by Frank Butler, Hal Kanter and William Morrow, based on a story by Mr. Butler and Harry Tugend; directed by Hal Walker; produced by Mr. Tugend for Paramount Pictures. At the Astor.

Harold Grier		Bob Hope
George Cochran		Bing Crosby
Lalah		Dorothy Lamour
Ken Arok		Murwyn Vye
Gung		Peter Coe
Bhoma Da		Ralph Moody
Ramayana		Leon Askin

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

It has been a long time since Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour have been cornered and kept together long enough on the Paramount lot for a corps of frenzied slave-drivers to get a picture out of them. Not since their "Road to Rio," some five years ago, in fact, had this free-wheeling team of comedians been seen together in a film. And now that they're back in "Road to Bali," which reached the Astor yesterday, the outrage of their collective absence is just beginning to sink in.

For, all of a sudden, it is apparent that this veteran and camera-scarred team is the neatest, smoothest combo of comics now working the fun side of the screen. Apart, they may be very funny or clever or quaint or what you will, according to where you are sitting and what sort of picture they're in.

But together, and in a "Road" picture, with the consequent freedom of style and reckless impulse that goes with it, they are pretty high nonpareil.

At least, that's the word of this reviewer who spent a small part of yesterday falling out of a seat at the Astor while desperately clutching his sides. The reason? Quite simply, "Road to Bali" is a whoopingly hilarious film, full of pure crazy situations and deliciously discourteous gags, all played with evident relish and split-second timing by the team.

Of course, it is vain to endeavor even a brief explanation of what goes on in this melange of Marxian (Brothers) clowning, satire and travesty. As dictated by tradition, Mr. Crosby and Mr. Hope appear as a pair of vaudevillians just one jump ahead of the hook. And, of course, Miss Lamour is the princess, decked out in pink flowers and sarongs, whom they meet on an exotic island, the like of which is nowhere in this world. The population appears to be a mixture of Apache Indians, Hollywood stars and chorus girls. An evil prince, bent on sunken treasure, is the tangible nemesis.

But story, as such, doesn't matter. The substance is in the flock of gag and comical situations that a stable of writers has contrived, with Producer Harry Tugend and Director Hal Walker riding herd. And the character is in the flip derivation of the attitude that prevails between the rival companions, especially when it comes to handling girls. "That Lalah!" sighs Mr. Hope, blissfully, "she intoxicates

me!" "Could be," replies Mr. Crosby, with a wisp of a sniff, "she's half Scotch." (Mr. Crosby, by his own admission, is just an all-round all-American boy with an excess of charm.)

Girls aren't the sole hitch, however. There are monstrous gorillas in the trees and a giant squid as gutta-percha guardian of the underseas treasure the boys seek. There's a jungle, from which Bob Crosby nonchalantly steps, at one point, and casually fires a rifle because his brother promised him "one shot." And there's a swamp, through which Humphrey Bogart is witnessed hauling a boat, in a manner highly reminiscent of his toil in "The African Queen."

There is also a magical basket, out of which, with the aid of a flute, Mr. Hope is surprisingly able to coax luscious dancing girls—and eventually luscious Jane Russell, which is just about what you'd expect. And, in somebody's dreams, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis grotesquely appear. To be sure, there are songs in the picture, but the time that is given to them is just about enough to hold the franchise—and that's about all they deserve. Mr. Hope speaks the best opinion when Mr. Crosby gorges at one point. "He's going to sing, folks, now's the time to go out and get the popcorn," he says.

And so it goes through the picture. Mr. Crosby, Mr. Hope and Miss Lamour may have looked lovelier but never better in their happy excursions down the "Roads."

As this goes to press, we learn with sadness of the death of Larry Crosby, our honorary vice-president. He died of cancer at Century City Hospital in Los Angeles at the age of 80. Born January 3, 1895 in Tacoma, Wash., he was the first-born of the 7 children of Harry Crosby & Kate Harrigan Crosby.

A graduate of Gonzaga University, Larry served in World War I, worked briefly as a reporter for the Spokane Chronicle and as news editor of a newspaper in Wallace, Idaho, before joining Bing in Hollywood where for a time he handled public relations for Bing & later served as head of the Crosby Research Foundation. For the past 30 years he has been the main organizer behind the Crosby Pro-Am Golf Tournament.

Wed on May 4, 1926 to Elaine Cooper, who died two years ago, they had two children, Molly and Jack. Molly died in 1953 at the age of 18. Son Jack, also a Los Angeles resident, survives his father. Larry will be buried in Holy Cross Cemetery in Los Angeles beside his wife, Elaine. Also surviving are brothers Bing of Hillsborough and Bob of La Jolla, and sister Mary Rose Pool of Carmel.

This footnote does not do justice to Larry's impact on Club Crosby. I suspect that this near 40-year-old club would not have survived without him. He was the contact over the years, the unfailingly courteous and helpful liaison between the club and Bing. In the next journal we will attempt a more comprehensive biography of Larry.

For Priscilla and I, it is an especially sad blow because of our visit last year to his home while we were in Hollywood for the taping of Bing's television special. We were immensely touched by his kindness in extending the invitation, and are very grateful that we were able to enjoy that brief personal meeting with him.

Club Crosby has lost one of its best friends. In the club's name, a check will be sent to the Cancer Society.

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The Mid-West Chapter of the American Club Crosby NEWSLETTER

Volume 1, Number 4

Chicago, Illinois

February 7, 1975

WHAT'S NEW?...Since the last newsletter (June, 1974), your editor has been somewhat overwhelmed with other obligations. I took on a second job (I now am a consultant with the Illinois Secretary of State) in addition to my law teaching. What with two jobs, plus family duties and political activity, I missed the deadline for the December BINGANG and am barely in time for the current issue. My correspondence has also suffered and I must beg forgiveness from those of you to whom I owe letters, trusting that you'll understand. Some very nice letters have come in to me from different parts of the world and the kind words are appreciated very much. Over the semester break in January I spent a few days on discographical research and this research is reflected in the articles that follow. Updating the ROAD TO BING CROSBY DISCOGRAPHY is tough work, but a few days were also devoted to this task. I've found that it takes about a full day to get through two or three back issues of the CROSBY COLLECTOR making sure that everything is properly cross-referenced. There's still a long way to go on this task, but let me assure everyone that work is proceeding. It is hoped that during the summer questionnaires and perhaps even proof sheets will start being sent to prominent discographers in our circle for their corrections.

Over the last few months I have also been investigating matters relating to the U.S. Copyright laws and the possibility of our club obtaining rights to press some of Bing's material. Up to now these investigations have been made known to only a very few of you, but it seems wise at this time to let everyone know what's going on. In September, I joined a committee of the Chicago Bar Association that is (or was) drafting a statute to be submitted to the Illinois legislature making "tape piracy" a crime (a felony) under Illinois law. The present state of the copyright law in this country is an obscure mess, but a brief description is necessary. Please keep in mind that the following is not an attempt to give legal advice to anyone contemplating the pressing of LPs or tapes, nor should it be relied upon as an authoritative statement of the law. This is a quickly prepared synopsis, prepared for general information only.

The U.S. Federal Constitution gives the Federal government exclusive right to pass laws relating to copyright. Under Federal law prior to 1972 someone who wanted to press a previously issued recording only had to pay a royalty to the composer of the tune (and the composer had to accept the two cents a track or whatever--this is called a compulsory license). Because of the growing problem of record and tape piracy in the 1960's, the Federal Congress passed a new law in 1972 giving protection to the performers and the record companies by imposing severe criminal penalties on the pirates. The new law, however, applied only to recordings performed or mastered after January, 1972. It did not, and even with recent amendments--it does not, apply to recordings made before January, 1972. Now the record and tape companies lobbied extensively for this new law, but they're still not satisfied. A recent U.S. Supreme Court decision granted state legislatures the right to pass their own

laws against tape piracy as long as there was no direct conflict with Federal laws. At this time, about 30 states have done so. All the state laws that have been passed impose criminal penalties on tape and record piracy, that is on the sale of such tapes and records re-pressed without record company consent and sold for profit, but all the state laws apply to recordings whenever they were mastered, recorded or first performed. As you can therefore see, re-pressing a Bing track from 1931 in these 30 states, and selling it for profit (home tape recordings are not included under any of these laws) would violate the law. The record and tape companies are trying to get the remaining 20 states to also pass the same type of laws and many of the attorneys on the Chicago Bar Association committee I joined are representatives of these record and tape companies. They were advocating a rather severe law on tape and record piracy for Illinois (which does not have one as yet) which they wanted the Chicago Bar Association to recommend to the Illinois legislature. With my rather vocal insistence and assistance the Bar Association committee agreed to modify their proposal slightly. As a practical matter, the record and tape companies aren't too worried about obscure tracks from the 30's as they are about the still profitable material that was recorded in the 50's and 60's and which is not protected by Federal laws. And of course when you're trying to catch criminals, two laws and two enforcement agencies are always better than one. I convinced the committee that there ought to be a 30-year cut-off limit to the law so that after the recording had been in existence for 30 years, it could be re-pressed and sold by anyone freely. This is just like having a copyright on a book or a piece of sheet music expire after a certain number of years. The record and tape company lobbyists opposed this change and I fear that they will succeed in having it knocked out of the legislation by the legislature. In any event, if all the remaining states pass such laws, these pirate LPs we like so much--those that contain Bing material--are probably going to disappear. These laws are tragic anyway in my opinion (this is what I argued to the Bar Committee), because few people are interested in preserving vintage recorded music, relatively speaking, and certainly the record companies are not. Mr. Caplin at Biograph Records told me a year ago that the Columbia vaults from the 30's are a mess--for most of their reissues they had to seek the aid of collectors--so these laws may well inhibit the production of rare vintage material in relatively small quantities thereby almost certainly insuring its ultimately being lost to everyone. There is no money to be made by the record companies unfortunately in reissuing vintage recordings in small amounts. So it seems to me that the public interest and the interests of posterity are not served by these laws unless there is some cut-off date.

In any event, my conversations with some of these attorneys succeeded in placing me in contact with an executive at MCA who shall remain nameless for the moment. I am led to believe by these attorneys and the man at MCA that it would be possible for our club to purchase a license from MCA so that we could re-press or tape some of Bing's un-reissued material for sale in limited quantities (say 300 LPs or so). As soon as I get a proposal written up, I will send it to MCA and other contacts and who knows, we might get lucky. Incidentally, there is also some possibility that we could talk MCA into reissuing some material on its own. Any suggestions or helping hands on any of these from anybody would of course be greatly appreciated.

Another similar matter is also being pursued at the moment, but I am not at liberty to discuss it fully, so if anything good comes about--you'll hear it in the next few months.

On the last weekend in December I flew to San Francisco to attend the American Association of Law Schools convention. The first night there, Mr.

& Mrs. Jack Souther invited me to their house for dinner and what a wonderful visit it was. We were up to the wee hours of the morning discussing Crosbyana and Jack was kind enough to let me take notes on a stenographic pad of some of the rare items in his collection. In fact, the next article owes its comprehensiveness in large measure to Jack's kindness. Jack's collection is, of course, utterly fantastic. He had nearly everything that's ever been issued containing Bing. More important, however, is that Jack is a wonderful person who has been very kind to me personally--helping me with both information and in obtaining needed material and I know that he has done the same for many others. From Jack I learned of the Longines set I desperately need called "The War Years." The Longines company is now defunct, so anyone who could supply me with this set will be royally compensated. I managed to pick up a few interesting items in the S.F. record shops, but the rest of the trip was pretty uneventful except for the fact that the return flight almost didn't make it! One of the engines gave out and we had to make a forced landing. I spent a free night in a Kansas City hotel as a result. We're all looking forward to going to California this summer (my family and myself) and visiting Jack again.

DISCOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

The following is the long promised listing of Special Product LPs which contain tracks by Bing. It is complete as far as I know, but anyone having any additions or corrections is urged to contact me so that further information can be included in future newsletters.

The following are CAPITOL Creative Products or Capitol Special Markets LPs:

- 1) CSD-1001 THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS - Do You Hear What I Hear?
- 2) SL-6515 THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS - Do You Hear What I Hear?
- 3) SL-6516 THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS - O Holy Night
- 4) SL-6534 THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS, Vol. 2 (stereo) - What Child Is This?/ The Holly and the Ivy
- 5) SL-6544 CHRISTMAS-A GIFT OF MUSIC (for Zenith) - Pat-A-Pan/ While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks/ What Child is This?/ The Holly and the Ivy (note that the LP-ography does not list complete contents of LP)
- 6) SL-6589 CHRISTMAS-THE SEASON OF MUSIC (LP also issued under title: FROM UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE) - Bing content same as SL-6544.
- 7) SL-6610 A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER (for Montgomery Ward) - Do You Hear What I Hear?
- 8) SL-6884 CHRISTMAS AMERICA (stereo-for Firestone)- Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas
- 9) SL-6925 CHRISTMAS WITH BING CROSBY, NAT KING COLE, DEAN MARTIN - While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks/ Hark the Herald Angels Sing/ What Child is This/The Holly and the Ivy/ Pat-A-Pan/It Came Upon a Midnight Clear/I Wish You a Merry Christmas
- 10)SL-6950 CHRISTMAS AMERICA, Album 2 (stereo-for Firestone) - Hark the Herald Angels Sing/It Came Upon a Midnight Clear
- 11)SL-6954 A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS, Vol. 8 (for Grant) - Do You Hear What I Hear?
- 12)STBB(S) 93245 (2-LP set) - SOUNDS OF CHRISTMAS - Do You Hear What I Hear?
- 13)Longines SYS 5826 (LWS 1116) (Capitol Special Markets) - CHRISTMAS WITH THE STARS - Do You Hear What I Hear?

The following are COLUMBIA Special Product LPs:

- 1) CSP-104 GREAT MOMENTS FROM OLD TIME RADIO - Sweet Georgia Brown
- 2) CSP-139 (LP title unknown-for Goodyear) - The White World of Winter (see Road to Bing Crosby, Vol. 4, page 300)

- 3) CSP-177 SLEPP BABY SLEPP - Never Be Afraid/Star Light Star Bright/
Little Boy Blue
- 4) D 295 THE BEST OF THE BIG BAND SINGERS - You're Getting to Be a
Habit With Me
- 5) CSPA-339 (LP title unknown-for Goodyear)-The White World of Winter -
(see Road to Bing Crosby, Vol. 4, page 300)
- 6) CSM/CSP-388 GREAT SONGS OF CHRISTMAS (Goodyear, Album 6) (CSP is stereo)
- White World of Winter
- 7) DS 515 GREAT MEMORIES FROM OLD TIME RADIO - Down the Old Ox Road
- 8) CSS-608-6 GREAT SONGS OF CHRISTMAS, Album 6 - White World of Winter
(see LP-ography)
- 9) DS 663 (record 1 of 2-LP set) JUKE BOX SATURDAY NIGHT & ALL TIME
GOLDEN HITS - Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?
- 10) DS 776 (record 1 of 2-LP set) GOLDEN GOODIES FROM THE SILVER SCREEN
Straight from the Shoulder
- 11) CSS 788 A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS, Vol. 2 (for Grant) - What Child Is
this/The Holly and the Ivy
- 12) CSS 860 (Longines LWS 387, SYS 5117) COMMAND PERFORMANCE (Stereo)
Avalon/Chinatown My Chinatown/Alabama Bound
- 13) CSS-1033 GREAT SONGS OF CHRISTMAS (Goodyear, Album 9) The Secret of
Christmas
- 14) CSS-1057 THE GREAT BIG BAND VOCALISTS - You're Getting to Be a Habit
- 15) CSS-1464 A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS, Vol. 4 (for Grant) The Secret of
Christmas
- 16) CSS-1507 THE GREAT BIG BAND VOCALISTS - You're Getting to Be a Habit
- 17) CSS-1508 THE GREAT OLD TIME RADIO STARS - Sweet Georgia Brown
- 18) P7S 5470 ONLY YESTERDAY (Col. Musical Treasury, 7 LP set) - (Record
number DS 670) - Temptation (record number DS 673) - Did You
Ever See a Dream Walking?
- 19) P7S 5122 BIG BANDS REVISITED (A Col. Musical Treasury) (7 LP set)
(record number DS 290) - You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me
- 20) P2M 5287 OLD TIME RADIO (A Col. Musical Treasury) (2 LP set) - Sweet
Georgia Brown
- 21) PGS 5334 THOSE WONDERFUL STARS OF YESTERDAY - contents unknown
- 22) C 10396 JOYOUS CHRISTMAS, Vol. 5 (stereo) (for Beneficial) - The
Secret of Christmas
- 23) C 11004 (record 1 of a 2-LP set number C211003) - UNFORGETTABLE -
How Deep is the Ocean?
- 24) C 11083 JOYOUS CHRISTMAS, Vol. 6 (stereo) (for Beneficial) - Just
What I Wanted for Christmas
- 25) P-11417 CHRISTMAS IS (stereo-for Goodyear) - It's Beginning to Look
a Lot Like Christmas
- 26) P-12013 THE MANY MOODS OF CHRISTMAS (stereo-for Goodyear) - Christmas Is

The following are RCA Special Products LPs:

- 1) PR-112 MUSIC FROM THE DANCING YEARS (for Dole) - I Surrender Dear
- 2) PR-125-4 (record 4 of a 5-LP set) THE MUSIC OF "LIFE" - On a Slow Boat
to China
- 3) CR-156 POPULAR PAIRS IN MUSIC - Ol' Man River
- 4) PRM-171 A HAPPY BLEND OF STARS AND SONGS - How About You?
- 5) PRS-340-1 (one of records in 5-LP set numbered DKS-002) - 5 GOLDEN
RECORDS/THE MUSIC AVON GREW UP WITH - On a Slow Boat to China
- 6) PRS-339-1 (one of records in 5-LP set numbered DKS-002) - 5 GOLDEN
RECORDS/THE MUSIC AVON GREW UP WITH - Ol' Man River/I
Surrender Dear
- 7) PRS-356-1 (record 1 of a 2-LP set) SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY - I Surrender
Dear

- 8) PRS-382 THE GREATST LOVE SONGS OF THE CENTURY, Vol. 1 (4 LP set)
(distributed by Tele House) - How About You?
- 9) PRS-400 MUSIC TO REMEMBER - Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams

The following are DECCA (or MCA) Special Products LPs:

- 1) DL 34002 BING'S HOLLYWOOD SAMPLER (pink label D.J. record) - Side 1.-June in January/I'm An Old Cowhand/I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams/On the Sentimental Side/Meet the Sun Halfway/Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie/Lazy/Swinging on a Star. Side 2. -Accentuate the Positive/Blue Skies/But Beautiful/Sunshine Cake/In the Cool Cool Cool of the Evening/Zing A Little Zong/You're the Top
 - 2) DL 34259 (LP title unknown) (for Mercury) - Georgia on my Mind
 - 3) DL 34276 BING, HARRY LILLIS CROSBY SINGS ALL TIME FAVORITES FROM YEARS PAST (for 3-M company) - see LP-ography, p. 58.
 - 4) DL(7)34289 CAVALCADE OF STARS - When I Take My Sugar to Tea
 - 5) DL 734384 (record 2 of 6-LP set) (Longines LWS 262) - HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN (also released as THOSE MEMORY YEARS) - Way Back Home
 - 6) DL734386 (record 4 of 6-LP set) (Longines LWS 264) - HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN (also released as THOSE MEMORY YEARS) - Moonlight Becomes You
 - 7) DL 734388 (record 6 of 6-LP set) (Longines LWS 266) - HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN (also released as THOSE MEMORY YEARS) - Pennies From Heaven
 - 8) DL 34402 (record 2 of 4-LP set) (Longines LW 529) JOYOUS CHRISTMAS TREASURY/TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - The Christmas Song
 - 9) DL 734403 (record 3 of 4-LP set) (Longines LWS 530) JOYOUS CHRISTMAS TREASURY/TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - Happy Holidays/I Heard the Bells
 - 10) DL 34404 (record 4 of 4-LP set) (Longines LW 531) JOYOUS CHRISTMAS TREASURY/TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer
- (I know the above 3 items do not conform to pages 65-66 of the LP-ography but I merely report on the set I saw in Jack Souther's collection; the set was a mix of stereo and mono LP discs)
- 11) DL 34461 SONGS OF CHRISTMAS (for Laz-Y Boy) - Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer/Away in a Manger/The Christmas Song/I Saw Three Ships (edited)/Good King Wenceslas/Angels We Have Heard/I Heard the Bells. Side 2. 12 Days of Christmas/We Three Kings/The First Nowell/O Fir Tree Dark/Deck the Halls/Happy Holidays
 - 12) DL 34487 FAMILY CHRISTMAS FAVORITES, BING CROSBY-COLUMBUS BOYCHOIR (for Safeway) The Christmas Song/Away in a Manger/12 Days of Christmas/Deck the Halls/Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer/I Saw Three Ships (edited)/Angels We Have Heard on High/We Three Kings/
 - 13) DL 34522 FAVORITE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS - contents identical to DL 34461
 - 14) DL 734523 BING CROSBY'S ALL TIME HIT PARADE (Longines LWS 349, SYS 5080)
see page 65 of LP-ography
- (From this point on all items are MCA Special Product Lps, no longer Decca)
- 15) DL 734596 CHRISTMAS THROUGH THE YEARS (for a bank) - 12 Day of Christmas/Deck the Halls/Away in a Manger/I Saw Three Ships
 - 16) DL 734618 (record 1 of 4-Lp set) (number DXS-504) (SR 8726) 100 FAVORITE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS - Happy Holidays/Angels We Have Heard on High

- 17) DL 734619 (record 2 of 4-LP set number DXS-504) (SR 8726) 100
FAVORITE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS - Good King Wenceslas
- 18) DL 734620 (record 3 of 4-LP set number DXS-504) (SR 8726) 100
FAVORITE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS - O Fir Tree Dark/Its
Beginning to Look Like Christmas
- 19) DL 734621 (record 4 of 4-LP set number DXS-504) (SR 8726) 100
FAVORITE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS - Silent Night
- 20) DL 734622 (record 1 of 7-LP set number DXS-505) (SR 8725) and issued
as single LP (SR 8724) - both set and single entitled
MOMENTS TO REMEMBER - content by Bing is Moments to Remember
- 21) DL 734624 (record 3 of 7-LP set numbered DXS-505) (SR 8725) MOMENTS
TO REMEMBER - Learn to Croon (with Buddy Cole)
- 22) MCA 734662 - THE ENCHANTMENT OF CHRISTMAS - Happy Holiday
- 23) DL 734665 (Longines SY 5207) GREAT VOCALISTS OF THE BIG BAND ERA -
Moonlight Becomes You
- 24) 734744 (Longines LWS 605, SYS 5293) THANKS FOR THE MEMORY, Vol. 1 -
Where the Blue of the Night (uncertain which version)
- 25) DL 734780 FANNY FARMER PRESENTS CHRISTMAS WITH BING CROSBY - Side 1.
It's Beginning to Look Like Christmas/Away in a Manger/
Christmas Song/I Saw Three Ships (edited)/We Three Kings/
The First Nowell/Angels We Have Heard. Side 2. Silver
Bells/12 Days of Christmas/Deck the Halls/I Heard the Bells/
Good King Wenceslas/Silent Night
- 26) 734826 (Longines LWS 667, SYS 5356) (record 1 of 4-LP set) THE WAR
YEARS (which set is, in turn, Vol. II of the YEARS TO
REMEMBER PROGRAM) - I Cried For You
- 27) 734827 (Longines LWS 668, SYS 5357) (record 2 of 4-LP set) THE WAR
YEARS (Vol. II of THE YEARS TO REMEMBER PROGRAM) God Bless
America
- 28) 734859 (Longines LWS 693, SYS 5383) THE BEST OF COLLEGE POPS - I'll
See You in My Dreams
- 29) 734865 (Longines LWS 734, SYS 5422) AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS - I
Heard the Bells on Christmas Day
- 30) DL 34878 (Longines) CHRISTMAS, A GIFT OF MUSIC, Vol. 6 (for Zenith)
Silent Night
- 31) 34892 (stereo) TELE HOUSE PRESENTS THE GREATEST HITS OF THE CENTURY,
Vol. 1 - 30's - Pennies from Heaven
- 32) 34893 (stereo) TELE HOUSE PRESENTS THE GREATEST HITS OF THE CENTURY,
Vol. 2 - 40's - Swinging on a Star/I'll Be Seeing You
- 33) 34980 A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL WITH BING CROSBY & FRIENDS - Silent Night/
O Come All Ye Faithful/God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen/12 Days
of Christmas/You're All I Want for Christmas (all Side 1)
- 34) F2181-872 CHRISTMAS, A GIFT OF SONG, Vol. 6 (for Zenith, Christmas
1972) - Silent Night

* * *

Readers Digest special LPs are listed correctly I believe on pages 73 and 74 of the LP-ography, however, "Hear Them Again" was issued in this country as set number RDA-49-A and Bing sings "I Surrender Dear (Arnheim)" on record 6 of the 10-LP set which is numbered RD4-49-6. This set was also issued under the title of "Do You Remember?" as far as I know.

The Sears Roebuck Lps listed on page 75 of the LP-ography are somewhat incorrectly presented I believe; items 16 to 21 in the list of Decca-MCA Special Product Lps, above, give all correct information.

Some other "honorable mention" special LPs are listed below, as follows:

- 1) Longines LW 117 BROADWAY! BROADWAY! BROADWAY! - Have You Met Miss Jones/
The Song Is You
- 2) Mark 56 LP 529 WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS - Christmas Dinner Country
Style

- 3) E-C Tape Service BIG BANDS-1932 - You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me - I Surrender Dear (this is a pirate LP)
- 4) 72381 YOUR LOCAL U.S. ARMY RECRUITER PRESENTS A BING CROSBY CHRISTMAS FOR TODAY'S ARMY (2-LP set, Bing on 1st LP only) Side 1. And the Bells Rang/Christmas Is Here To Stay/Christmas Is/White Christmas/ Side 2. A Time to Be Jolly/I Sing Noel/Round and Round the Christmas Tree/The Song of Christmas/White Christmas (also includes specially recorded spoken introductions to each song by Bing)

The above lists are not intended to list every LP that Bing appears on briefly, but are Special Product LPs authorized by the companies who give the commercial tracks to the producer or make them themselves for a limited public. The E-C pirate LP is included because the E-C company is presently contesting its right to press this material in the courts. All the LPs are 12 inch LPs. No attempt was made to include 10 inch LPs or 78s or 45s. Only 12 inch LPs where tracks were lent from a company to another company or a subsidiary branch are included. LP titles are of course in caps; song titles in lower case. For the Decca-MCA material, a "7" prefix indicates stereo, but this was dropped after item 30. I believe ("7") means both mono & stereo were issued. In many cases I do not know whether both mono and stereo were issued and would appreciate further information on this. Special thanks go to Jack Souther, Dave Rapp, John Bassett & Bert Bishop, Colin Pugh and Pat Sullivan for helping me to complete this project. One final item that I saw in Jack Souther's collection probably requires mention here as well. It's a 2-LP set (12 inch) issued many years ago on the ASCAP label. The album title is: A LIBRARY OF STANDARDS FOR PROGRAMMING THE RECORDINGS OF THE MUSIC AND SONGS OF HAROLD SPINA. Record 1, Side 1 is stamped "B 15644," and the last band on that side is Bing's commercial recording of "I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight."

DISCOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING - Part 2

- Herein are items released since the last compilation in the June, 1974 BINGANG: (All are U.S. 12 inch LPs unless otherwise stated)
- 1) Amalgamated MDTB05 - BING'S BEAUS - MARLENE DIETRICH/TALLULAH BANKHEAD Chesterfield shows of Feb. 21, 1951 (Bankhead) and May 7, 1952 (Dietrich)
 - 2) Sountrak ST-101 - THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1932 - Original Soundtrack - Bing's songs are Dinah/Please/Here Lies Love. "Please" is done twice. Bing doing "Where the Blue of the Night" from the short introduction to the movie is omitted. Funny that Arthur Tracy is not mentioned or included in this LP.
 - 3) Memorabilia MLP-722 - GEORGE BURNS & GRACIE ALLEN 1940's - show from late 40's on which Bing is guest and sings "How Soon."
 - 4) Radiola 2MR-2526 (2 LP set) - THE AMCS & ANDY STORY - short Bing guest shot.
 - 5) MCA 2-11002 (2 LP set) (U.K. equivalent is MGM-E 2659.033) - THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT - soundtrack version of Bing's "Going Hollywood" included.
 - 6) Startone ST-219 - BETTY GRABLE - Bing introduces Betty singing "What Did I Do?" (1954)
 - 7) Startone ST-203 - CALLING ALL STARS - apparently includes Bing in a short duet with Bogart singing "The Bold Fisherman" (1950)
 - 8) Totem LP-1009 - BING, BOB & JUDY - complete Chesterfield shows of Oct. 11, 1950 and Oct. 18, 1950.
 - 9) Nostalgia Special Release No. 005 - PAUL WHITEMAN'S 70th BIRTHDAY PARTY, CBS-TV, March 24, 1960 - Bing makes short guest appearance.

- 10) Scarce Rarities SR 5504 - DICK TRACY IN B-FLAT - identical to Curtain Calls No. 100/1, but with new cover.
- 11) Tap-Time Facit 142 (Amalgamated) - TOP HAT, WHITE TIE & GOLF SHOES - Side 1 is a Chesterfield show of Jan. 3, 1951 with Fred Astaire as Bing's guest.
- 12) Murray Hill 931680 (4-LP set) - 3 HOURS, 59 MINUTES, 51 SECONDS WITH THE MARX BROTHERS - Three sketches with Bing are included:
 1. Philco Show of Feb. 12, 1947 - Bing & Groucho duet "Go West Young Man."
 2. Command Performance Show (1944) - Bing sings "My Blue Heaven" accompanied by Harpo on harp.
 3. Philco Show of April 30, 1947 - Bing, Groucho and Dorothy Shay sing "Feudin' and Fightin'."

To obtain this great set, you can send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 postage to Publishers Central Bureau, Dept. 388, 1 Champion Ave., Avenel, New Jersey 07131, U.S.A.
- 13) Springboard SP-4008 (stereo) - HEY JUDE/HEY BING! - same as Amos AAS 7001, but "Both Sides Now" & "More and More" have been omitted on this budget issue.
- 14) Tulip TLP-108 - BING CROSBY 1945 - Side 1. is from a Kraft show and contains: Don't Fence Me In/Sleigh Ride in July/Evelina/Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby/Birth of the Blues/Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie (with Eugenie Baird)/Waiter & the Porter (with Johnny Mercer)/Melancholy Baby. Side 2 is from a Command Performance show and contains: skit with Hope/More and More/skit with Lauren Bacall & Hope/Don't Fence Me In (with Andrews Sisters)
- 15) Sunbeam SB-206 - BLUES IN THE NIGHT (Woody Herman LP) - contains commercial track of "I Ain't Got Nobody."
- 16) Radiola MR-1033 - THE ANDREWS SISTERS SHOW - Bing is guest on their first show of Dec. 31, 1944 and duets two songs with them, "Don't Fence Me In" and "Accentuate the Positive."
- 17) Radiola MR-1040 - JUDY GARLAND ON RADIO - includes sketch with Judy from Oct. 5, 1949 - "Punchy and Judy."
- 18) Startone ST-225 - BING AND MARY "RHYTHM ON THE RADIO" - Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (1942)/People Like You and Me (duet, 1942)/My Devotion (1942)/Daybreak (1942)/Rolli-O-Rolling Along (duet, 1942)/Mr. Five-by-Five (1942)/A Little on the Lonely Side (1946)/It Isn't Fair (1950)/Dearie (duet, 1950)/Again (1949)/Stay With the Happy People (1950)/Wait Till Sun Shines Nellie (duet, 1950)/Whispering Hope (duet, 1950) and 4 solos by Mary Martin. A great LP!
- 19) Recar Records PCA 5001 (2 LP set) - 66 FLASHBACKS - record 1 includes a 1953 Bing-Bob Hope skit.
- 20) Jazum 30 - BOSWELL SISTERS & CONNEF BOSWELL - LP not released yet, but will contain "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" and "The Thrill Is Gone" from 12-inch Brunswick 78.
- 21) Wimp 194850 (Amalgamated) - will be a Bing/Dick Powell LP (not yet released) & will contain two of their radio shows together.
- 22) Golden 45 rpm #00215 - HOW LOVELY IS CHRISTMAS (record and book set) Bing is nowhere mentioned on label or book cover, but the record does contain snatches of title song on both sides. Bing does not narrate story, however. I have spares of these for those who need them.
- 23) Everest 3312 - LOUIS ARMSTRONG IN MEMORIAM - identical to English Sagapan 6904.
- 24) As you may know, all former Decca numbers in U.S. have been transferred to MCA label. The conversion numbers of those records still available are as follows:

DXSB-7184 (2 LP set) now - MCA2-4045
 DXSB-7186 (2 LP set) now - MCA2-4008
 DL 78128 now - MCA-167
 DL 78207 now - MCA-177
 DL 78262 now - MCA-519
 DL 79034 now - MCA-2057
 45 RPMS
 9-23495 now - MCA-65000
 9-23786 now - MCA-65001
 9-23787 now - MCA-65002
 9-23788 now - MCA-65003

9-23789 now - MCA 65004
 9-24295 now - MCA-65005
 9-25415 now - MCA-65006
 9-27478 now - MCA-65007
 9-23819 now - MCA-65013
 9-24273 now - MCA-65014
 9-23281 now - MCA-65019
 9-23777 now - MCA-65021
 9-23778 now - MCA-65022

Incredible, isn't it? that this is all that's left of the great Decca catalogue of Bing in this country?

- 25) Columbia 3-LP set D3L 366 - I CAN HEAR IT NOW - this has been out some time but is still available and contains ML 4340 which has a chorus from Bing's commercial recording of "Please."
- 26) Correction - Last newsletter I reported that Italian-Joker SM 3278 was identical to Historia (German) H-640 and contained "All You Want To Do Is Dance" by Bing. This is not so. Italian-Joker SM 3241 is equivalent to H-640. Italian-Joker SM 3278 is an LP entitled THE GREAT VOCALISTS and contains two Bing tracks: Basin Street Blues & I'm Comin' Virginia (Tk.-9)
- 27) Columbia 2-LP set KG 31564 mentioned in the last newsletter has now been issued in England as CBS-E (S)67273. It contains "Stay On The Right Side of the Road," take B, which had previously only appeared on IAJRC LP #2.
- 28) Finally, I shall not go into the English Coral LP conversion numbers over to EMI since all information can be found in "Bing" magazine. There are a number of other overseas releases which I shall not go into details upon in this newsletter because of space and time problems. Permit me to simply list some LP numbers and if any problems arise other discographers can write for more info. All are simply reissues of common material available already. Perhaps next time I can list titles if enough are interested.
 Coral-E CDMSP-801 (as DX-151, etc...)/MCA-E MCF 2568 (as DL 78128)/MCA-E MCF 2540 (as DXSB-7184 minus 4 tracks)/MCA-E MCFM 2607 (mono) and MCA-Sp. M-18.181 (both as DL 8419)/Napoleon-It. NLP 11007 (as AH 90)/Polydor-Dutch 2343.043 (Bing & Satchmo, 10 tracks)/MGM-E 2356.072 (Louis Armstrong LP includes Preacher & Way Down Yonder)/Coral E-CDL 8018 XMAS WITH THE STARS (Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer/Santa Claus Is Coming to Town/First Nowell)/Coral E-CDL-8016 SING A RAINBOW (Sam's Song)/Windmill-E WSR-20 SOLID GOLD 60 (Lazybones from earlier Windmill LP)/MCA-Australian COPS 7403 REMEMBER THEM (A Couple of Song & Dance Men)/MCA-Au MAPS 6328 NOSTALGIC HOUR WITH BING CROSBY (2-LPs 20 common titles)/London-E LGK 137 EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES-XMAS STORY /Capitol-Italian I MAESTRO (I know no serial number for this)-tracks from U.S. Capitol T2300 and T2346.
- 29) A number of LPS are or have been in the past available on 8-track tape or on cassette. Does anyone feel like making a discography of Bing's commercial tapes?

ODDS AND ENDS

GRAY MATTER will have to be put over to the next newsletter. However, a few remaining items of interest. At Jack Souther's I saw an LP put out by the Salvation Army in 1966. It's called ARMY OF STARS-SPECIAL XMAS PROGRAM. Bing narrates and does a track entitled "Xmas Greetings." The LP number is CPML2-2548. Can anyone obtain copies of this. I for one

would dearly love to have it. And as a matter of fact, I would sure like to obtain a number of Bing 45s, two Longines sets (The Telephone Hour--intentionally not listed as a Special Product LP for reasons I'll discuss another time) and (The War Years), the Army Recruiter Xmas LP and some other items. Any help would be appreciated and I'll pay well.

I recently came across a used 10 inch LP put out by the British Rhythm Society LP #BRS 1750 entitled BIX & BING, Vol. 1, and including Old Man River/Make Believe/Louisiana/You Took Advantage of Me/Changes. I've never seen reference to this item before. Does anyone know anything about it? About Vol. 2?

I'll have to do another series on the 45 RPM box sets. I believe my past info. about the Columbias and Victors is incorrect. I recently came across Victor box set WPT-5. It contains 3 45s and one numbered 27-0014 is "I Surrender Dear" b/w "Just a Gigolo" by Bing. The album is titled "Columbo, Crosby & Sinatra" and is otherwise identical to LPT 5. EPAT 5 (a 45 EP) omits the 2 Sinatra tracks. Colin Pugh please note. The Road to Bing Crosby is incorrect on this.

Some newly discovered 78 RPM numbers by your editor:

Columbia-Spanish R 14589 - Out of Nowhere/Just a Prayer Away

Columbia-Spanish R 14371 - Sweet Potato Piper/non-Bing

Now available in this country are 8-track tapes of some of Bing's old radio shows. The series produced by Soundco is as follows:

ORS 1 - Nov. 5, 1947 Bing with Ozzie & Harriet Nelson

CRS 4 - Feb. 8, 1950 Bing with Fred Allen & Peggy Lee

ORS 5 - Apr. 25, 1951 Bing with Louis Armstrong & Rose Marie

ORS 6 - Mar. 21, 1951 Bing with Judy Garland & Les Paul

ORS 39-Mar. 26, 1952 Bing with Marilyn Maxwell

ORS 40- Bing with Alexis Smith & Burt Wheeler

CRS 3 - Bing content unknown.

These are part of a "Golden Radio Favorites" series. One show per 8-track tape. Price ranges from \$1.00 each to \$6.00 each. A number are available here in Chicago.

If you like Kate Smith, you might be interested in the KATE SMITH U.S.A. FRIENDS CLUB. I'm a member. The club publishes a beautiful magazine entitled "Our Kate." If interested, write to Miss Patricia A. Castledine, 8 Glendale Road, Scotia, New York 12302, and mention my name and BINGANG.

Recently I have been asked to help sell a jazz collection of a collector who died. There is some nice Bing material, mostly on 78, available as well as a lot of Benny Goodman. This man lived here in Chicago and was collecting for about 25 years. He didn't have "Susiana" but I believe many items are quite rare. The widow is interested in disposing of the collection as soon as possible. Anyone interested in making significant purchases (more than just a few records) should contact me.

Well, that's it for now. We're all looking forward to Bing's new releases. I trust everyone is keeping well. Till next time!

Ken Gray

* * *



Bing is already here in London but there is a massive security net tied around his visit and so far there have been no press reports or anything else.

I've spoken to Ken Barnes (who is producing the albums) and he is full of enthusiasm and says Bing is in great form and quite tickled at the security being given him by United Artists who have guards, etc. to keep anyone from getting into the studios.

The final tapings are set for next Wed., Feb. 26th, and there's a strong possibility that I, along with Les Gaylor and a few others, will be able to get together with Bing either in the studio or somewhere for tea--there's even a chance Ken says that Bing will sing a few songs for us with the band at the end of the session--he has expressed a wish to meet a 'few' of the senior fan club people with this in mind.

However, I won't know the final picture until next Tuesday even when I have to phone Ken before I arrange to travel overnight the 300 miles from my home to London for this possible event. So keep your fingers crossed, as it all depends on how Bing feels at the end but, from present talk, it all seems very likely and, if so, I'll mail you a full report for a supplement.

Ken also asked me for a selection of pictures from my library as UA wants to dress up the sleeves with a history of Crosbyana and I'll take down more than 100 different shots and get together with the UA people on the sleeves.

Bing has brought the Southern Songs tape for Ken and is going to try to sell them to UA to issue as a teaser album before Ken's big production. Ken reckons the whole business is rooting for a hit for Bing and the scene in London is frenetic with the press going berserk trying to locate the elusive Bing. The Sunday Times is planning a major colour supplement on Bing and will get copies when this gells.

More later as I want to get this in the post. As you can guess, it's quite a scene here Crosbywise, and I can hardly rest all the way up North here and knowing Bing is actually here in London.

Terribly upset about Larry. I have such a file of personal letters from him and can hardly believe he's gone. I'm only sorry my trip last year had to be postponed as I would have met him for sure and now never will. He was a true friend of all the fans and, as I've said in a letter to Bing, will be sadly missed by all of us in Crosbyana.

* * *

San Francisco Chronicle - February 28, 1975

An Orchestra's Tribute to The Crooner

London

The orchestra of 43 blase musicians applauded and the singer bowed to them, touched by the tribute.

It isn't every day that a soloist who admits to 71 years gets compliments from pop instrumentalists mostly one-third his age. Bing Crosby appreciated the gesture.

San Francisco Chronicle 45
Fri., Feb. 28, 1975

Crosby is in London recording two albums, his first in three years. And, said producer Alfred Barnes, "He sounds like the Bing of the 1940s."

"When he finished 'How Are Things in Glocca Morra?' the band applauded," Barnes said. "They said it was the definitive version of the song. They were delighted to be playing for a real pro. No one gave a thought to his age."

United Press

BING BOUNCES BACK

BING CROSBY is back! And yesterday the Old Groaner proved he still has plenty of zing, even at 73.

He stepped into a London recording studio and firmly waved away the usual aids.

Instead of going into a protective "vocal booth" he insisted on standing right out in front with the band.

"I'm a band singer," he

said, "and I want to sing with them. That's why I came all this way."

His producer, Ken Barnes, was worried about the strength of Bing's lungs, for the singer had a major cancer operation only a year ago.

But Bing brushed him aside. "If the band get louder," he said, "I get louder."

And he did, as he went

into old favourites like The Best Things in Life are Free and Breezin' Along with the Breeze.

It was just as if he did not know what it is to be 73 or to have nearly died under the surgeon's knife.

Bing, who is here to make two LPs, even asked: "What does everyone mean by a comeback?"

"I've never been away."

London Daily Mirror - Feb. 20, 1975

The 34th Crosby Pro-Am will probably be one of the last Crosby Pro-Am's, unfortunately. It could even have been the last.

My wife and I flew 10,000 miles from Adelaide, South Australia to experience a Crosby Pro-Am and we're glad we did. We had a wow of a time. We saw some great golf, a lot of celebrities, and we enjoyed ourselves with a lot of other like minded people, like Priscilla, Pat and Bill who were our hosts, who came to the Crosby to enjoy themselves.

"If I were asked what single thing has given me the most gratification in my long and sometimes pedestrian career," said Bing recently, "I think I would have to say it is this tournament. I'm proud to be associated with something which has done so much of genuine benefit for so many worthwhile causes."

What makes this tournament so different to others? For us, it was the companionship, the good fun. Everybody talks to one another. Everyone comes hoping to see some great golf and to enjoy themselves. Everyone, spectators and volunteer workers alike, everyone.

There was Manuel, who looked after the Crosby parking at Cypress Point Clubhouse, where Bing stayed. He was one of the old regulars, been doing the job for years. This was Priscilla's 17th tournament and she knew him well. He had been around the world several times, to Spain last year, but never to Australia. He's thinking of coming down now.

Then there was the cable car marshall, whose name we never learned, who took our photos several times on the cable cars, so that we could all be in the photos. It's people like these who help make the tournament memorable.

Then there were the celebrities. Pat Boone always remembered the gallery was there for a little fun too, and was always approachable. Never too busy to sign an autograph or pose for a camera bug, and always with a cherry hello. And Phil Harris! Bing couldn't have a tournament without Phil, and he still draws the autograph hunters. I fronted up on one occasion to a typical Harris quip, "I must be more popular than Nicklaus today!" Tennessee Ernie was there too, and was his usual dry self. Efrem Zimbalist was there and so was Glen Campbell and that crazy man, Jack Lemmon, and numerous others, all always entering into the spirit of the Clambake. There were a couple of celebrities who did forget their manners a little too often, but that's life. They didn't exactly win any new fans through their actions.

Of course, we can't forget the golfers---where would the tournament be without them? The great duel between Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller didn't eventuate, but a man named Gene Littler re-emerged as a golfer to contend with.

There was also a man named Bing Crosby. He looks fit and well. You really have to step it out to keep up with him on the course. Ask our girls! They had to half run at times to keep up with him! Priscilla ran almost a block to catch up with him so that Club Member, Matt De Vera could have a picture with Bing. For my wife and I, it was a great thrill to meet THE MAN and to find him exactly as we thought he would be. He granted us an interview which you will see re-printed elsewhere in this journal. I, of course, asked him when he was coming to Australia, which bought a glint to his eyes. Seems he has been trying to come down for a long time, but something always seems to happen to cause him to change his plans. Picking the right time of the year seems to be his big problem with his interests in hunting, fishing, conservation, golf and racehorses. He wants to come at a time when he can experience most of them.

On behalf of the Australian Club, we gave him a copy of the first "Going Hollywood" album which he showed quite an interest in and seemed very pleased to receive. He got quite a kick out of trying to recall the songs. Some he remembered well, but others---well, he couldn't quite recall. His memory was a little foggy and understandably so, considering he recorded them almost 40 years ago.

We heard on the Saturday that Larry Crosby was ill and asked Bing how he was. He told us then that Larry was feeling better and improving daily. Now, of course, we know the sad

news of his death. He must have taken a turn for the worse after we left. Larry was a man of few words but always very friendly and helpful. We will always remember our meeting with him in 1973. He was interested in learning about Australia and us. We didn't only talk about Bing. As a memento of the visit, he gave Margaret a little box of perfumes, and me, a wallet, both autographed by Bing. Needless to say, neither have been used and share pride of place in our record room.

Just a few final recollections about Bing. You can't help but notice THOSE BLUE EYES. A woman in the gallery, alongside us on one occasion remarked very dreamily, "Aren't Bing's eyes blue"---to which Priscilla quickly replied, "They sure are!" And another on another occasion said, "Look at the character in his face." Who said Bing hasn't got sex appeal at 70? If you could have been there and seen the people, both young and old, following him around, you couldn't help but realize how popular he still is. Perhaps his illness last year made people aware that he was still around and evoked a nostalgic interest in a man who had given them so much good entertainment over the years. I wouldn't be surprised if we do see a revival of interest in him this year. Bing Crosby is still very much a celebrity in the eyes of many American people.

On the last day of the tournament, Bing walked among the gallery, posed for photos, signed autographs and stopped and talked to people. He whistled and he hummed, he appeared a very happy, contented man, at peace with himself. The tournament had been a success; in fact, one of the most successful on record, with a record crowd of over 78,000 people attending to witness some great golf and the re-emergence of Gene Littler.

There is so much more one could say. The three courses on which the tournament is played are three of the most scenic as well as challenging I have seen anywhere in the world. Then, we had good weather---in the 60's and 70's, I think, every day. The Crosby, as you probably know, has a reputation for its high proportion of muddy, slushy days, and believe it or not, the newspapers, were grizzling about the beautiful weather, saying it wasn't encouraging good golf. All one can say to that is---rubbish. Maybe they were giving a little encouragement to Lee Trevino who didn't make it this year because he feared the weather.

Yes, we had a fun time at the 34th Annual Crosby Pro-Am, and I hope I have been able to capture some of our experiences for you. Go next year if the tournament is on, especially if you have never been before. Bing is trying and so is Bob Hope. Together, they might be able to change the PGA's mind. I certainly hope so.

And Les Gayler writes: I'm off to London tomorrow, February 25, to see Ken Barnes and Bing, I hope. Bing has completed 18 tracks in London so far. These include the 2 Mercer duets. Ken says Bing is in super form, and says the sound quality and balance is the best Bing has ever had. Bing does 4 tracks February 25 and 4 tracks February 26. He hopes to go home Thurs or Fri. Bing has given Ken Barnes a taping of his USA Session of a few weeks ago. 'Tis of Southern Songs. Bing brought the tape over and is offering it to United Artists here to buy it for him for British release.

Ken Barnes will do an article for me on the sessions. I'll send you a copy for your journal.